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VERGIL'S
AENEID

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Vergilius Maro Publius.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

OF THE

FIRST SIX BOOKS

OF

✓
VERGIL'S AENEID



—◆— 12.586.5

NEW YORK:
A. LOVELL & COMPANY.

1894

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF VERGIL.

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO was born during the consulship of Pompey the Great and Marcus Licinius Crassus, in the village of Andes, about three miles from the city of Mantua, in the year of Rome 684, and seventy years before the birth of Christ.

His parents were in humble circumstances, his father cultivating a small farm for the maintenance of his family.

He passed the first seven years of his life under the paternal roof. After this we find him at Cremona, a town on the river Po, not far from Mantua. In this pleasant retreat he passed ten years, during which he distinguished himself in the studies suited to his age and gave presage of his future eminence.

From Cremona he removed to Mediolanum, and soon afterwards to Naples. Here he devoted himself to the study of the Greek language, soon becoming its master. Thus he was able to read the Greek poets in the original, to enter thoroughly into their spirit, and to discover their beauties and excellences.

He also studied the Epicurean philosophy.

Having finished his studies at Naples, it is said that he visited Rome; but it is more likely that he returned to Mantua, and spent his time in retirement on his paternal inheritance. It was here that he acquired that practical information which so eminently qualified him to write the *Georgics*.

The fame of Vergil's extensive attainments and especially

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE

of his poetic genius, reached the ears of Pollio, a man no less distinguished for his love of literature and of the muse, than for his military achievements. It was in Mantua and through either Varus or Gallus, that Vergil became acquainted with Pollio.

After the battle of Philippi, the lands in the neighborhood of Mantua (Vergil's included) were divided by Augustus among his veteran troops. Pollio becoming acquainted with the facts, recommended Vergil to Mæcenas, then at Rome, and enjoying the highest place of honor and confidence with his prince. Vergil found a friend in Mæcenas also. Through the latter's influence with Augustus, Vergil's estate was restored to him. But returning with the emperor's edict for the restoration of his farm, he was so resisted and ill-treated by its new possessor, that Vergil was obliged to swim over the river Mincius to save his life.

Though he went a second time to Rome about the matter, it is probable he never afterwards resided upon his estate, but made the seat of the empire the place of his residence. Here the most distinguished men sought his acquaintance and friendship, and he became the favorite of Augustus also.

It was at the suggestion of Pollio that Vergil commenced to write his *Eclogues*. This occupied him three years. The *Eclogues* were exceedingly popular. Vergil, in fact, may be considered the first who introduced pastorals among the Romans. Though much indebted to Theocritus, he followed him with judgment, and, in correctness of taste, purity of thought, and delicacy of expression, so improved upon him that we lose sight of the original.

Agriculture had been much neglected during the civil wars: and, on this account the distress had become so general, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the peace of Italy. In this state of affairs, Mæcenas desired Vergil to write a treatise upon agriculture. To this end, Vergil retired from Rome to Naples, and in this pleasant retreat he composed the *Georgics*—a poem, the most perfect and finished of any composition in the Latin language.

The Georgics were everywhere well received and Italy soon assumed a flourishing appearance.

The Georgics completed, Vergil soon after began to write the Aeneid.

The subject of the Aeneid is the removal of a colony of Trojans from Asia Minor under the leadership of Aeneas and their settlement in Italy.

Whatever Vergil has written is founded upon historical truth; and the voyage and adventures of his hero are given with geographical precision. He has also furnished a full and perfect account of the religious rites and ceremonies of the age.

Seven years were spent in composing the first six books of the Aeneid, and in four years afterwards the remaining six books were finished.

It was Vergil's intention to revise the Aeneid before its publication; and, to this end, he visited the classic soil of Greece.

But shortly after his arrival, he was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of the delicate state of his health. Augustus, at this time, returning from Asia, Vergil very properly accompanied him. At Megara, he became so seriously indisposed, that fears were entertained of his recovery. Hastening to Italy, but continuing to decline, he expired, a few days after his arrival at Brundisium, on the 22d of September, at the age of nearly fifty-one years.

Vergil, in his will, directed the Aeneid to be burned, as being imperfect and unfinished. But this was countermanded by Augustus and the manuscript was put into the hands of Varus, Tucca, and Plotius, with directions to expunge whatever they deemed improper, but to make no additions themselves.

Vergil has been truly styled the prince of Latin poets; and though he was much indebted to Homer, who may be rightly considered the master, the pupil possessed the happy faculty of making everything that passed through his hands, his own.

BOOK FIRST.

SYNOPSIS.

THE COMING OF AENEAS TO CARTHAGE.

THE subject of this book and the cause of Juno's resentment being premised, it opens seven years after the embarkation of Aeneas.

He, having reached the Tuscan Sea and being in sight of Italy, Juno, to avenge herself on the Trojans, prevails on Aeolus to let loose his winds, thereby causing a violent tempest and dispersing the Trojan fleet. One ship is sunk and several others are driven upon the shore. Neptune calms the tumult of the waves, rebukes the winds and assists in floating the ships.

Aeneas then sails in a southerly direction and arrives on the coast of Africa. Venus having complained to Jupiter of the manner of treatment of her son, he sends Mercury to procure for him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Venus in the form and attire of a virgin huntress, appears to Aeneas (who is accompanied by Achates), informs him as to the country, its inhabitants, and their manners and customs. After giving him a brief account of Dido and the settlement of the country, veiled in a cloud she conducts him to the city, where, passing through the crowd unseen, he goes to the temple. Here he finds his companions, who, he thought, were lost. Here too he sees Dido (with whose majesty and grace he is struck), who, through a device of Venus, conceives a passion for him, which, in the end, proves her ruin.

THE
AENEID
OF
P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK I.

ARMS I sing, and the hero, who first, exiled by fate, came from the coast of Troy to Italy, and the Lavinian shore: much was he tossed both on sea and land, by the power of those above, on account of the unrelenting rage of cruel Juno: much too he suffered in war till he founded a city, and brought his gods into Latium: from whence the Latin progeny, the Alban fathers, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Declare to me, O Muse! the causes, in what the deity being offended, by what the queen of heaven was provoked to drive a man of distinguished piety to struggle with so many calamities, to encounter so many hardships. Is there such resentment in heavenly minds?

An ancient city there was, Carthage, (inhabited by a colony of Tyrians), fronting Italy and the mouth of the Tiber, far remote; vast in riches, and extremely hardy in warlike exercises; which (city) Juno is said to have honored more than any other place of her residence, Samos being set aside. Here lay her arms; here was her chariot; here the goddess even then designs and fondly hopes to establish a seat of universal empire, would only the Fates permit. But she had heard of a race to be descended from Trojan blood, that was one day to overturn the Tyrian towers: that hence a people of extensive regal sway, and proud in war, would come to the destruction of Libya: so the destinies ordained.

This the daughter of Saturn dreading, and mindful of the old war which she had the principal hand in carrying on before Troy, in behalf of her beloved Argos; nor as yet were the causes of her rage and keen resentment worn out of her mind; the judgment of Paris dwells deeply rooted in her soul, the affront offered to her neglected beauty, the detested (Trojan) race, and the honors conferred on ravished Ganymede: she, by these things fired, having tossed on the whole ocean the Trojans, whom the Greeks and merciless Achilles had left, drove them far from Latium; and thus, for many years, they, driven by fate, roamed round every sea: so vast a work it was to found the Roman state.

Scarcely had the Trojans, losing sight of Sicily, with joy launched out into the deep, and were ploughing the foaming billows with their brazen prows, when Juno, harboring everlasting rancor in her breast, thus with herself: Shall I then, baffled, desist from my purpose, nor have it in my power to turn away the Trojan king from Italy? because I am restrained by fate! Was Pallas able to burn the Grecian ships, and bury themselves in the ocean, for the offense of one, and the frenzy of Ajax, Oileus' son? She herself, hurling from the clouds Jove's rapid fire, both scattered their ships, and upturned the sea with the winds: him too she snatched away in a whirlwind, breathing flames from his transfixed breast, and dashed him against the pointed rock. But I, who move majestic, the queen of heaven, both sister and wife of Jove, must maintain a series of wars with one single race for so many years. And who will henceforth adore Juno's divinity, or humbly offer sacrifice on her altars?

X
The goddess by herself revolving such thoughts in her inflamed breast, repairs to Aeolia, the native land of storms, regions pregnant with boisterous winds. Here, in a vast cave, king Aeolus controls with imperial sway the reluctant winds and sounding tempests, and confines them with chains in prison. They roar indignant round their barriers, filling the mountain with loud murmurs. Aeolus is seated on a lofty throne, wielding a scepter, and assuages their fury, and moderates their rage. For, unless he did so, they, in their rapid career, would bear away sea and earth, and the deep heaven,

and sweep them through the air. But the almighty Sire, guarding against this, hath pent them in gloomy caves, and thrown over them the ponderous weight of mountains, and appointed them a king, who, by fixed laws, and at command, knows both to curb them, and when to relax their reins; whom Juno then in suppliant words thus addressed: Aeolus (for the sire of gods and the king of men hath given thee power both to smoothe the waves, and raise them with the wind), a race by me detested sails the Tuscan Sea, transporting Ilium and its conquered Penates into Italy. Strike force into thy winds, overset and sink the ships; or drive them different ways, and strew the ocean with carcasses. I have twice seven lovely nymphs, of whom, Deïopeia, who is the fairest in form, I will join to thee in firm wedlock, and assign to be thine own forever, that with thee she may spend all her years for this service, and make thee father of a beautiful offspring.

To whom Aeolus replies: 'Tis thy task, O queen, to consider what you would have done: on me it is incumbent to execute your commands. Thou procurest for me whatever of power I have, my scepter, and Jove. You grant me to sit at the tables of the gods, and you make me lord of storms and tempests.

Thus having said, whirling the point of his spear, he struck the hollow mountain's side: and the winds, as in a formed battalion, rush forth at every vent, and scour over the lands in a hurricane. They press upon the ocean, and at once, east, and south, and stormy south-west, plow up the whole deep from its lowest bottom, and roll vast billows to the shores. The cries of the seamen succeed, and the cracking of the cordage. In an instant clouds snatch the heavens and day from the eyes of the Trojans: sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death. Forthwith Aeneas' limbs are relaxed with cold shuddering fear. He groans, and, spreading out both his hands to heaven, thus expostulates: O thrice and four times happy they,

who had the good fortune to die before their parent's eyes, under the high ramparts of Troy! O thou, the bravest of the Grecian race, great Tydeus' son, why was I not destined to fall on the Trojan plains, and pour out this soul by thy right hand? where stern Hector lies prostrate by the sword of Achilles; where mighty Sarpedon [lies]; where Simois rolls along so many shields, and helmets, and bodies of heroes snatched away beneath its waters.

While uttering such words a tempest, roaring from the north, strikes across the sail, and heaves the billows to the stars. The oars are shattered: then the prow turns away, and exposes the side to the waves. A steep mountain of waters follows in a heap. These hang on the towering surge; to those the wide-yawning deep discloses the earth between two waves: the whirling tide rages with [mingled] sand. Three other ships the south wind hurrying away, throws on hidden rocks; rocks in the midst of the ocean, which the Italians call Altars, a vast ridge rising to the surface of the sea. Three from the deep the east wind drives on shoals and flats, a piteous spectacle! and dashing on the shelves, it incloses them with mounds of sand. Before the eyes of Aeneas himself, a mighty billow, falling from the height, dashes against the stern of one which bore the Lycian crew, and faithful Orontes: the pilot is tossed out and rolled headlong, prone [into the waves]; but her the driving surge thrice whirls around in the same place, and the rapid eddy swallows up in the deep. Then floating here and there on the vast abyss, are seen men, their arms and planks, and the Trojan wealth among the waves. Now the storm overpowered the stout vessel of Ilioneus, now that of brave Achates, and that in which Abas sailed, and that in which old Alethes: all, at their loosened and disjointed sides, receive the hostile stream, and gap with chinks.

Meanwhile Neptune perceived that the sea was in great uproar and confusion, a storm sent forth, and the depths overturned from their lowest channels. He, in violent commotion, and looking forth from the deep, reared his serene countenance above the waves; sees Aeneas's fleet scattered over the ocean, the Trojans oppressed with the waves and the ruin from above. Nor were Juno's wiles and hate unknown to her brother.

He calls to him the east and west winds; then thus addresses them: And do you thus presume upon your birth? dare you, winds! without my sovereign leave, to embroil heaven and earth, and raise such mountains? Whom I— But first it is right to assuage the tumultuous waves. A chastisement of another nature from me awaits your next offense. Fly apace, and bear this message to your king: That not to him the empire of the sea, and the awful trident, but to me by lot are given: his dominions are the mighty rocks, your proper mansions, Eurus: in that palace let king Aeolus proudly boast, and reign in the close prison of the winds.

So he speaks, and, more swiftly than his speech, smooths the swelling seas, disperses the collected clouds, and brings back the day. With him Cymothoë, and Triton with exerted might, heave the ships from the pointed rock. He himself raised them with his trident; lays open the vast sandbanks, and calms the sea: and in his light chariot glides along the surface of the waves. And as when a sedition has perchance arisen among a mighty multitude, and the minds of the ignoble vulgar rage: now firebrands, now stones fly; fury supplies them with arms: if then, by chance, they espy a man revered in piety and worth, they are hushed, and stand with ears erect; he, by eloquence, rules their passions, and calms their breasts. Thus all the raging tumult of the ocean subsides, as soon as the sire, surveying the seas, and wafted through the open sky, guides his steeds, and flying, gives the reins to his easy chariot.

The weary Trojans direct their course toward the nearest shores, and make the coast of Libya. In a long recess, a station lies; an island forms it into a harbor by its jutting sides, against which every wave from the ocean is broken, and divides itself into receding curves. On either side vast cliffs, and two twin-like rocks, tower in a threatening manner towards the sky; under whose summit the waters all around are calm and still. Above is a sylvan scene with waving woods, and a dark grove with awful shade hangs over. Under the opposite front a cave is of pendant rocks,

within which are fresh springs, and seats of living stone, the abode of nymphs. Here neither cables hold, nor anchors with crooked fluke moor the weather-beaten ships. To this retreat Aeneas brings seven ships, collected from all his fleet; and the Trojans, longing much for land, disembarking, enjoy the wished-for shore, and stretch their brine-drenched limbs upon the beach. Then first Achates struck spark from a flint, received the fire in leaves, round it applied dry combustible matter, and instantly blew up a flame from the fuel. Then, spent with toil and hunger, they produce their grain, damaged by the sea-water, and the instruments of Ceres; and prepare to dry over the fire, and to grind with stones, their rescued corn.

Meanwhile Aeneas climbs a rock, and takes a prospect of the wide ocean all around, if, by any means, he can descry any [man like] Antheus tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys, or Capys, or the arms of Caicus, on the lofty deck. He sees no ship in view, but three stags straying on the shore; these the whole herd follow, and are feeding through the valley in a long-extended train. Here he stopped short, and snatching his bow and swift arrows (weapons which the faithful Achates bore), first prostrates the leaders, bearing their heads high with branching horns; next the vulgar throng; and disperses the whole herd, driving them with darts through the leafy woods. Nor desists he, till conqueror he stretches seven huge deer on the ground, and equals their number with his ships. Hence he returns to the port, and shares them among all his companions. Then the hero divides the wine which the good Acestes had stowed in casks on the Sicilian shore, and given them at parting, and with these words cheers their saddened hearts:

O companions, who have sustained severer ills than these (for we are not strangers to former days of adversity), to these, too, God will grant a termination. You have approached both Scylla's fury, and those deep roaring rocks; and you are not unacquainted with the dens of the Cyclops: resume then your courage, and dismiss your desponding fears; perhaps hereafter it shall delight you to

remember these sufferings. Through various mischances, through so many perilous adventures, we steer to Latium, where the Fates give us the prospect of peaceful settlements. There Troy's kingdom is allowed once more to rise. Persevere and reserve yourselves for prosperous days. So he says in words; and though oppressed with heavy cares, he wears the looks of hope, and buries deep anguish in his breast.

They address themselves to the spoil and future feast; tear the skin from the ribs, and lay the flesh bare. Some cut into parts, and fix on spits the quivering limbs; others place the brazen caldrons on the shore, and prepare the fires. Then they repair their strength with food, and, stretched along the grass, regale themselves with old wine and fat venison. After hunger was taken away by banquets, and the viands removed, in long discourse they inquire after their lost companions, in suspense between hope and fear, whether to believe them yet alive, or that they have finished their destiny, and no longer hear when called. Above the rest, the pious Aeneas, within himself, bemoans now the loss of the active Orontes, now of Amycus, and then the cruel fate of Lycus, with valiant Gyas, and valiant Cloanthus.

And now there was an end [of discourse]; when Jove, looking down from the lofty sky upon the sail-flown sea, and the lands lying at rest, with the shores and the nations dispersed abroad; thus stood on the pinnacle of heaven, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realms. To him, revolving such cares in his mind, Venus, sadder than was her wont, her bright eyes bedimmed with tears addresses herself: O thou, who with eternal sway rulest, and with thy thunder overawest, the affairs of both gods and men, what so high offense against thee could my Aeneas or the Trojans be guilty of, that, after having suffered so many deaths, they must be shut out from all the world on account of Italy? Surely you promised, that in some future age, after circling years, the Romans should descend from them, powerful leaders spring from the blood of Teucer restored, who should rule the sea, the nations with absolute sway. Father! why is thy purpose changed? I,

indeed, was solacing myself with this promise under Troy's fall and sad ruin, with fates balancing contrary fates. Now the same fortune still pursues them, after they have been driven with such variety of woes. Great king, what end to their labors dost thou give? Antenor, escaped from amidst the Greeks, could with safety penetrate the Illyrian gulf, and the inmost realms of Liburnia, and overpass the springs of Timavus; whence, through nine mouths, with loud echoing from the mountain, it bursts away a sea impetuous, and sweeps the fields with a roaring deluge. Yet there he built the city of Padua, established a Trojan settlement, gave the nation a name, and set up the arms of Troy. Now in calm peace composed he rests: we, thy own progeny, whom thou by thy nod ordainest the throne of heaven (oh woe unutterable!), having lost our ships, are betrayed, driven hither and thither far from the Italian coast, to gratify the malice of one. Are these the honors of piety? is it thus thou replacest us on the throne?

The sire of gods and men, smiling upon her with that aspect wherewith he clears the tempestuous sky, gently kissed his daughter's lips; then thus replies: Cytherea, cease from fear: immovable to thee remain the fates of thy people. Thou shalt see the city and promised walls of Lavinium, and shalt raise magnanimous Aeneas aloft to the stars of heaven; nor is my purpose changed. In Italy he (for I will tell thee, since this care lies gnawing at thy heart, and tracing further back, I will reveal the secrets of fate) shall wage a mighty war, crush a stubborn nation, and establish laws and cities to his people, till the third summer shall see him reigning in Latium, and three winters pass after he has subdued the Rutulians. But the boy Ascanius, who has now the surname of Iūlus (Iulus he was, while the empire of Ilium flourished), shall measure with his reign full thirty great circles of revolving months, transfer the seat of his empire from Lavinium, and strongly fortify Alba Longa. Here again, for full three hundred years, the scepter shall be swayed by Hector's line, until Ilia, a royal priestess, impregnated by Mars, shall bear two infants at a birth. Then Romulus, exulting

in the tawny hide of the wolf his nurse, shall take upon him the rule of the nation, build a city sacred to Mars, and from his own name call the people Romans. To them I fix neither limits nor duration of empire; dominion have I given them without end. And even sullen Juno, who now, through jealous fear, creates endless disturbance to sea, and earth, and heaven, shall change her counsels for the better, and join with me in befriending the Romans, lords of the world, and the nation of the gown. Such is my pleasure. An age shall come, after a course of years, when the house of Assaracus shall bring under subjection Phthia and renowned Mycenæ, and reign over vanquished Argos. A Trojan shall be born of illustrious race, Cæsar, who shall bound his empire by the ocean, his fame by the stars, Julius his name, from great Iulus derived. Him, loaded with the spoils of the East, you shall receive to heaven at length, having seen an end of all your cares: he too shall be invoked by vows and prayers. Then, wars having ceased, fierce nations shall soften into peace. Hoary Faith, Vesta and Quirinus, with his brother Remus, shall administer justice. The dreadful gates of war shall be shut with close bolts of iron. Within impious Fury, sitting on horrid arms, and his hands bound behind him with a hundred brazen chains, in hideous rage shall gnash his bloody jaws.

He said, and from on high sent down Maia's son, that the coasts of Libya and the new towers of Carthage might be open hospitably to receive the Trojans; lest Dido, ignorant of heaven's decree, should shut them out from her ports. He, by the oarage of his wings, flies through the expanded sky, and speedily alighted on the coasts of Libya. And now he puts his orders in execution; and, at the will of the god, the Carthaginians lay aside the fierceness of their hearts: the queen especially, entertains thoughts of peace, and a benevolent disposition toward the Trojans.

But pious Aeneas, by night revolving many things, resolved as soon as cheerful day arose, to set out, and to reconnoitre the unknown country, on what coasts he was driven by the wind; who are the inhabitants, whether men or wild beasts (for he sees nothing but uncultivated grounds), and inform his friends of his discoveries. Within a wind-

ing grove, under a hollow rock, he secretly disposed his fleet, fenced round with trees and gloomy shades: himself marches forth, attended by Achates alone, brandishing in his hand two javelins of broad-pointed steel. To whom, in the midst of a wood, his mother presents herself, wearing the mien and attire of a virgin, and the arms of a Spartan maid; or resembling Thracian Harpalyce, when she tires her steeds, and in her course outflies the swift Hebrus: for, huntress-like, she had hung from her shoulders a light bow, and suffered her hair to wanton in the wind; bare to the knee, with her flowing robes gathered in a knot. Then first, Pray, youths, she says, inform me if by chance ye have seen any of my sisters wandering this way, equipped with a quiver, and the skin of a spotted lynx, or with full cry urging the chase of a foaming boar.

Thus Venus, and thus Venus' son replied: Of your sisters not one has been heard or seen by me. O virgin, by what name shall I address thee? for thou wearest not the looks of a mortal, nor sounds thy voice human. O thou a goddess surely! Are you the sister of Phœbus, or one of the race of the nymphs? O! be propitious, and whoever you are, ease our anxious minds, and inform us under what climate, on what region of the globe, we at length are thrown. We wander strangers both to the country and the inhabitants, driven upon this coast by furious winds and swelling seas. So shall many a victim fall a sacrifice at thine altars by our right hand.

Then Venus: I, indeed, deem not myself worthy of such honor. It is the custom for the Tyrian virgins to wear a quiver, and bind the leg thus high with a purple buskin. You see the kingdom of Carthage, a Tyrian people, and Agenor's city. But the country is that of Libya, a race invincible in war. The kingdom is ruled by Dido, who fled hither from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate; tedious is the relation of her wrongs, and intricate the circumstances; but I shall trace the principal heads. Her husband was Sichæus, the richest of the Phœnicians in land, and passionately beloved by his unhappy spouse. Her father had given her to him in her virgin bloom, and joined her in wedlock with the first connubial rites: but her brother Pygmalion then possessed the throne of Tyre;

atrociously wicked beyond all mortals. Between them hatred arose. He, impious, and blinded with the love of gold, having taken Sichæus by surprise, secretly assassinates him before the altar, regardless of his sister's great affection. Long he kept the deed concealed, and wicked, forging many lies, amused the heart-sick, loving [queen] with vain hope. But the ghost of her unburied husband appeared to her in a dream, lifting up his visage amazingly pale and ghastly: he opened to her view the bloody altars, and his breast transfix'd with the sword and detected all the hidden villainy of the house, then exhorts her to hasten flight, and quit her native country; and, to aid her flight, reveals treasures ancient in the earth, an unknown mass of gold and silver. Dido, roused by this awful messenger, provided friends, and prepared to flee. They assemble, who either had mortal hatred or violent dread of the tyrant; what ships by chance are ready, they seize in haste, and load with gold. The wealth of the covetous Pygmalion is conveyed over sea. A woman is guide of the exploit. Thither they came, where now you will see the stately walls and rising towers of a new-built Carthage, and bought as much ground as they could cover with a bull's hide, called Byrsa, in commemoration of the deed. But [say] now, who are you? or from what coasts you came, or whither are you bending your way? To these her demands, the hero, with heavy sighs, and slowly raising his words from the bottom of his breast [thus replies],

If I, O goddess! tracing from their first source, shall pursue, and you have leisure to hear, the annals of our woes, the evening star will first shut heaven's gates upon the expiring day. Driven over a length of sea from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath by chance reached your ears), a tempest, by its wonted chance, threw us on this Libyan coast. I am pious Aeneas, renowned by fame above the skies, who carry with me in my fleet the Penates snatched away from the enemy. I seek my country Italy; and my descendants sprang from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the Phrygian Sea, having followed the destinies vouchsafed me, my goddess-mother pointing out the way; seven, with much ado, are saved, torn and shattered by waves and wind.

Myself, a stranger, poor and destitute, wander through the deserts of Africa, banished from Europe and from Asia. Venus, unable to bear his further complaints, thus interrupted in the midst of his grief:

Whoever you may be, I trust you live not unbefriended by the powers of heaven, who have arrived at a Tyrian city. But do you forthwith bend your course directly to the palace of the queen; for, that your friends are returned, and your ships saved, and by a turn of the north wind wafted into a secure harbor, I pronounce to thee with assurance, unless my parents, fond of a lying art, have in vain taught me divination. See those twelve swans exulting in a body, whom the bird of Jove having glided from the ethereal region, was chasing through the open air: now, in a long train, they seem either to choose their ground, or to hover over the place they have already chosen. As they, returning, sportive clap their rustling wings, wheel about the heavens in a troop, and raise their melodious notes; just so your ships and youthful crew, either are possessed of the harbor, or are entering the port with full sail. Proceed, then, and pursue your way where this path directs.

She said, and turning away, shone radiant with her rosy neck, and from her head ambrosial locks breathed divine fragrance: her robe hung flowing to the ground, and by her gait the goddess stood confessed. The hero, soon as he knew his mother, with these accents pursued her as she fled: Why so oft dost thou too cruelly mock thy son with vain shapes? why is it not granted me to join my hand to thine, and to hear and answer thee by turns in words sincere and undissembled? Thus he expostulates with her, and directs his course to the walls. But Venus screened them on their way with dim clouds, and the goddess spread around them a thick veil of mist, that none might see, or touch, or cause them interruption, or inquire into the reasons of their coming. She herself wings her way sublime to Paphos, and with joy revisits her seats; where, sacred to her honor, is a temple, and a hundred altars smoke with Sabeian incense, and are fragrant with fresh garlands.

Meanwhile they urged their way where the path directs. And now they were ascending the hill that hangs over a

great part of the town, and from above surveys its opposite towers. Aeneas admires the mass of buildings, once cottages: he admires the gates, the bustle, and the paved streets. The Tyrians warmly ply the work: some extend the walls, and raise a tower and push along unwieldy stones; some choose out the ground for a private building, and inclose it with a trench. Some choose [a place for] the courts of justice, for the magistrates' [halls] and the venerable senate. Here some are digging ports; there others are laying the foundations for lofty theaters, and hewing huge columns from the rocks, the lofty decorations of future scenes. Such their toil as in summer's prime employs the bees amid the flowery fields under the sun, when they lead forth the full-grown swarms of their race, or when they press close the liquid honey, and distend the cells with sweet nectar; or when they disburden those that come home loaded, or in formed battalion, drive the inactive flock of drones from the hives. The work is hotly plied, and the fragrant honey smells strongly of thyme. O happy ye, whose walls now rise! Aeneas says, and lifts his eyes to the turrets of the city. Shrouded in a cloud (a marvel to be told!) he passes amid the multitude, and mingles with the throng, nor is seen by any.

In the center of the city was a grove, most delightful in shade, where first the Carthaginians, driven by wind and wave, dug up the head of a sprightly courser, an omen which royal Juno showed: for by this [she signified], that the nation was to be renowned for war, brave and victorious through ages. Here Sidonian Dido built to Juno a stately temple, enriched with gifts, and the presence of the goddess; whose brazen threshold rose on steps, the beams were bound with brass, and the hinge creaked beneath brazen gates.

In this grove the view of an unexpected scene first abated the fear [of the Trojans]: here Aeneas first dared to hope for redress, and to conceive better hopes of his afflicted state. For while he surveys every object in the spacious temple, waiting the queen's arrival; while he is musing with wonder on the fortune of the city; and [compares] the skill of the artists and their elaborate works, he sees the

Trojan battles [delineated] in order, and the war now known by fame over all the world; the sons of Atreus, Priam, and Achilles implacable to both. He stood still; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaims, What place, Achates, what country on the globe, is not full of our disaster? See Priam! even here praiseworthy deeds meet with due reward: here are tears for misfortunes, and the breasts are touched with human woes. Dismiss your fears: this fame of ours will bring thee some relief. Thus he speaks, and feeds his mind with the empty representations, heaving many a sigh, and bathes his visage in floods of tears. For he beheld how, on one hand, the warrior Greeks were fleeing round the walls of Troy, while the Trojan youth closely pursued; on the other hand, the Trojans [were fleeing], while plumed Achilles, in his chariot, pressed on their rear. Not far from that scene, weeping, he espies the tents of Rhesus, with their snow-white veils; which, betrayed by the first sleep, cruel Diomedé plundered, drenched in much blood, and led away his fiery steeds to the [Grecian] camp, before they had tasted the pasture of Troy, or drank of Xanthus. In another part, Troilus, fleeing after the loss of his arms, ill-fated youth, and unequally matched with Achilles! is dragged by his horses, and from the empty chariot hangs supine, yet grasping the reins; his neck and hair trail along the ground, and the dusty plain is traced by the inverted spear. Meanwhile the Trojan matrons were marching to the temple of adverse Pallas, with their hair dishevelled, and were bearing the robe, suppliantly mournful, and beating their bosoms with their hands. The goddess turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling his breathless corpse for gold. Then, indeed, Aeneas sent forth a deep groan from the bottom of his breast, when he saw the spoils, the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching forth his feeble hands. Himself, too, he recognized mingled with the Grecian leaders, and the Eastern bands, and the arms of swarthy Memnon. Furious Penthesilea leads on her troops of Amazons, with their crescent shields, and burns amid the thickest ranks. Below her exposed breast the heroine had girt a golden belt, and the virgin warrior dares even to encounter with men.

While these things seem wonderful to Trojan Aeneas, while he is lost in thought, and in one gaze stands unmoved; Queen Dido, of surpassing beauty, advanced to the temple attended by a numerous retinue of youth. As on the banks of Eurotas, or on Mount Cynthus' top, Diana leads the circular dances, round whom a numerous train of mountain nymphs play in rings; she bears her quiver on her shoulder, and moving majestic, she towers above the other goddesses, while silent raptures thrill Latona's bosom; such Dido was, and such, with cheerful grace, she passed amid her train, urging forward the labor and her future kingdom. Then at the gate of the goddess, in the middle of the temple's dome, she took her seat, surrounded with her guards, and raised aloft on a throne. [Here] she dispensed justice and laws to her subjects, and, in equal portions, distributed their tasks, or settled them by lot; when suddenly Aeneas sees, advancing with a vast concourse, Antheus, Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and other Trojans, whom a black storm had tossed up and down the sea, and driven to other far-distant shores. At once he was amazed, at once Achates was struck, and between joy and fear both ardently longed to join hands; but the uncertainty of the event perplexes their minds. They carry on their disguise, and, shrouded under the bending cloud, watch to learn the fortune of their friends; on what coast they left the fleet, and on what errand they came: for a select number had come from all the ships to sue for grace, and, with mingled voices, approached the temple.

Having gained admission and liberty to speak in the presence, Ilioneus their chief, with mind composed, thus began: O queen, to whom Jove has granted to found this rising city, and to curb proud nations with just laws, we Trojans forlorn, tossed by winds over every sea, implore thee: keep from our ships the merciless flames; spare a pious race, and propitiously regard our distresses. We are not come either to ravage with the sword the Libyan abodes, or to seize and bear away the plunder to our ships. We have no such hostile intention, nor does such pride of heart become the vanquished. There is a place called by

the Greeks Hesperia, an ancient land, renowned for martial deeds and fruitful soil; the Ænotrians possessed it once: now there is a report that their descendants call the nation Italy, from their leader's name; hither our course was bent, when suddenly tempestuous Orion rising from the main, drove us on hidden shallows and with southern blasts fiercely sporting, tossed us hither and thither over waves, and over pathless rocks, overwhelmed by the briny deep: hither we few have floated to your coasts. What a race of men is this? what country so barbarous to allow such manners? We are denied the hospitality of the shore. In arms they rise, and forbid our setting foot on the first verge of land. If you set at nought the human kind, and the arms of mortals, yet know the gods have a mindful regard to right and wrong. We had for our king Aeneas, than whom no one was more just in piety, none more signalized in war and in martial achievements; whom, if the Fates preserve, if he breathe the vital air, and do not yet rest with the ruthless shades, neither shall we despair, nor you repent your having been the first in challenging to acts of kindness. We have likewise cities and fields in Sicily, and the illustrious Acestes of Trojan extraction. Permit us to bring to shore our wind-beaten fleet, and from your woods to choose [trees for] planks, and to refit our oars; that, if it be granted to bend our course to Italy, upon the recovery of our prince and friends, we may joyfully seek Italy and Latium. But if our safety has perished, and thou, O father of the Trojans, the best of men! now liest buried in the Libyan sea, and no further hope of Iulus remains, we may at least repair to the straits of Sicily, and the settlement there prepared for us (whence we were driven hither), and visit king Acestes. So spoke Ilioneus; at the same time, the other Trojans murmured their consent.

Then Dido, with downcast looks, thus in brief replies: Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, lay your cares aside. My hard fate, and the infancy of my kingdom, force me to take such measures and to secure my frontiers with guards around. Who is stranger to the Aeneian race, the city of Troy, her heroes, and their valourous deeds, and to the devastations of so renowned a war?

We Carthaginians do not possess hearts that are so obdurate, nor yokes the sun his steeds so far away from our Tyrian city. Whether Hesperia the greater, and the country where Saturn reigned, or ye choose [to visit] Eryx' coast and king Acestes, I will dismiss you safe with assistance, and support you with my wealth. Or will you settle with me in this realm? The city which I am building shall be yours: draw your ships ashore; Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me with no distinction. And would that your prince Aeneas too were here, driven by the same wind! However, I will send trusty messengers along the coasts, with order to search Libya's utmost bounds, if he is thrown out to wander in some wood or city.

Animated by these words, brave Achates and father Aeneas had long impatiently desired to break from the cloud. Achates first addressed Aeneas: Goddess-born, what purpose now arises in your mind? You see all is safe; your fleet and friends restored. One alone is missing, whom we ourselves beheld sunk in the midst of the waves: everything else agrees with your mother's prediction. He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the circumambient cloud splits asunder, and dissolves into open air. Aeneas stood forth, and in the clear light shone conspicuous, in countenance and form resembling a god: for his mother herself had breathed upon her son graceful locks, and the radiant bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly luster on his eyes: such beauty as the hand superadds to ivory, or where silver or Parian marble is enchased with yellow gold.

Then suddenly addressing the queen, he, to the surprise of all, thus begins: I, whom you seek, am present before you; Trojan Aeneas, snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou, who alone hast commiserated Troy's unutterable calamities! who in thy town and palace dost associate us, a remnant saved from the Greeks, who have now been worn out by woes in every shape, both by sea and land, and are in want of all things! to repay thee due thanks, great queen, exceeds the power not only of us, but of all the Dardan race, wherever dispersed over the world.

The gods (if any powers divine regard the pious, if justice anywhere exists, and a mind conscious of its own virtue) shall yield thee a just recompense. What age was so happy as to produce thee? who were the parents of so illustrious an offspring? While rivers run into the sea, while shadows move round the convex mountains, while heaven feeds the stars; your honor, name, and praise shall ever live, to whatever climes I am called. This said, he embraces his friend Ilioneus with his right hand, and Serestus with his left; then the rest, the heroic Gyas, and heroic Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido stood astonished, first at the presence of the hero, then at his signal sufferings and thus her speech addressed: What hard fate, O goddess-born, pursues thee through such mighty dangers! what power drives thee on this barbarous coast? Are you that Aeneas, whom, by Phrygian Simois' stream, fair Venus bore to Trojan Anchises? and now, indeed, I call to mind that Teucer, expelled from his native country, came to Sidon in quest of a new kingdom, by the aid of Belus. My father Belus then ravaged wealthy Cyprus, and held it in subjection to his victorious arms. Ever since that time I have been acquainted with the fate of Troy, with your name, and the Grecian kings. The enemy himself extolled the Trojans with distinguished praise, and with pleasure traced his descent from the ancient Trojan race. Come then, youths, enter our walls. Me, too, through a series of labors tossed, a like fortune has at length doomed to settle in this land. Not unacquainted with misfortune, I have learned to succor the distressed. This said, she forthwith leads Aeneas into the royal apartments, and at the same time ordains due honors for the temples of the gods. Meanwhile, with no less care, she sends presents to his companions on the shore, twenty bulls, a hundred bristly backs of huge boars, a hundred fat lambs, with the ewes, as gifts and pleasure for the day. But the inner rooms are splendidly furnished with regal pomp, and banquets are prepared in the middle of the hall. Couch draperies wrought with art, and of proud purple:

massy silver plate on the table, and, embossed in gold, the brave exploits of her ancestors, a lengthened series of history traced down through so many heroes, from the first founder of the ancient race.

Aeneas (for paternal affection suffered not his mind to rest) with speed sends on Achates to the ships, to bear those tidings to Ascanius, and bring [the boy] himself to the city. All the care of the fond parent centers in Ascanius. Besides, he bids him bring presents, saved from the ruins of Troy, a mantle stiff with gold and figures, and a veil woven round with saffron-colored acanthus, the ornaments of Grecian Helen, which she had brought with her from Mycenæ, when bound for Troy, and lawless nuptials; her mother Leda's wondrous gift; a scepter, too, which once Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore, a necklace strung with pearl, and a crown set with double rows of gems and gold. This message to dispatch, Achates directed his course to the ships.

But Venus revolves in her breast new plots, new designs; that Cupid should come in place of sweet Ascanius, assuming his mien and features, and by the gifts kindle in the queen all the rage of love, and enwrap the flame in her very bones; for she dreads the equivocating race, and the double-tongued Tyrians. Fell Juno torments her, and with the night her care returns. To winged Love, therefore, she addresses these words: O son, my strength, my mighty power; my son, who alone defiest the Typhœan bolts of Jove supreme, to thee I flee, and suppliant implore thy deity. 'Tis known to thee how round all shores thy brother Aeneas is tossed from sea to sea, by the spite of partial Juno, and in my grief thou hast often grieved. Him Phœnician Dido entertains, and amuses with smooth speech; and I fear what may be the issue of Juno's acts of hospitality; she will not be idle in so critical a conjuncture; wherefore, I propose to prevent the queen by subtle means, and to beset her with the flames of love, that no power may influence her to change,

but that with me she may be possessed by great fondness for Aeneas. How this thou mayest effect, now hear my plan. The royal boy, my chief care, at his father's call, prepares to visit the Sidonian city, bearing presents saved from the sea and flames of Troy. Him having lulled to rest, I will lay down in some sacred retreat on Cythera's tops, or above Idalium, lest he should discover the plot, or interfere with it. Do you artfully counterfeit his face but for one night, and, yourself a boy, assume a boy's familiar looks; that when Dido shall take thee to her bosom in the height of her joy, amid the royal feasts, and Bacchus' stream, when she shall give thee embraces and imprint sweet kisses, thou mayest breathe into her the secret flame, and by stealth convey the poison. Love obeys the dictates of his dear mother, and lays aside his wings, and joyful trips along in the gait of Iulus. Meanwhile Venus pours the dews of balmy sleep on Ascanius' limbs, and in her bosom fondled, conveys him to Idalia's lofty groves, where soft marjoram, perfuming the air with flowers and fragrant shade, clasps him round.

Now, in obedience to his instructions, Cupid went along, and bore the royal presents to the Tyrians, pleased with Achates for his guide. By the time he arrived, the queen had placed herself on a golden couch, under a rich canopy, and had taken her seat in the middle. Now father Aeneas, and now the Trojan youth, join the assembly, and recline on the strewn purple.

The attendants supply water for the hands, dispense the gifts of Ceres from baskets, and furnish them with the smooth-shorn towels. Within are fifty handmaids, whose task it was to prepare provisions in due order, and do honor to the household gods. A hundred more, and as many servants of equal age, are employed to load the boards with dishes, and place the cups. In like manner the Tyrians, a numerous train, assembled in the joyful courts, invited to recline on the embroidered beds. They view with wonder the presents of Aeneas: nor with less wonder do they view Iulus, the glowing aspect of the god, his well-dissembled words, the mantle and veil figured with leaves of the acanthus in saffron colors.

Chiefly the unhappy Phœnician henceforth devoted to love's pestilential influence, cannot satisfy her feelings, and is inflamed with every glance, and is equally moved by the boy and by his gifts. He on Aeneas' neck having hung with embraces, and having fully gratified his fictitious father's ardent affections, makes for the queen. She clings to him with her eyes, her whole soul, and sometimes fondles him in her lap, Dido not thinking what a powerful god is settling on her, hapless one. Meanwhile he, mindful of his Acidalian mother, begins insensibly to efface the memory of Sichæus, and with a living flame tries to prepossess her languid affections, and her heart, chilled by long disuse.

Soon as the first banquet ended, and the viands were removed, they place large mixers, and crown the wines. A bustling din arises through the hall, and they roll through the ample courts the bounding voice. Down from the gold-fretted ceilings hang the flaming lamps, and torches overpower the darkness of the night. Here the queen called for a bowl, heavy with gems and gold, and with pure wine filled it to the brim, which Belus, and all her ancestors from Belus, used; then, having enjoined silence through the palace [she thus began]: O Jove (for by thee, it is said, the laws of hospitality were given), grant this may be an auspicious day both to the Tyrians and my Trojan guests, and may this day be commemorated by our posterity. Bacchus, the giver of joy, and propitious Juno, be present here; and you, my Tyrians, with good will, solemnize this meeting. She said, and on the table poured an offering; and, after the libation, first gently touched [the cup] with her lips, then gave it to Bitias with a challenge: he quickly drained the foaming bowl, and laved himself with the brimming gold. After him the other lords [drank]. Long-haired Iopas [next] tunes his golden lyre to what the mighty Atlas taught. He sings of the wandering moon, and the eclipses of the sun; whence the race of men and beasts, whence the rain and lightnings; of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern wains; why winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, or what retarding cause detains the slow [summer] nights. The Tyrians redouble their applauses and the Trojans concur.

Meanwhile unhappy Dido, with varied converse, spun out the night, and drank long draughts of love, questioning much about Priam, much about Hector; now in what arms Aurora's son had come; now what were the excellences of Diomede's steeds; now how mighty was Achilles. Nay, come, my guest, she says; and from the first origin relate to us the stratagems of the Greeks, the adventures of your friends, and your own wanderings; for now the seventh summer brings thee [to our coasts], through wandering mazes roaming over every land and sea.

BOOK SECOND.

SYNOPSIS.

THE STORY OF THE SACK OF TROY.

AENEAS, at the request of Dido, relates to her the sufferings of his countrymen. He tells her how the city, after a siege of ten years, was finally taken through the treachery of one Sinon and the stratagem of a wooden horse: that not until advised by Hector's ghost and the appearance of his mother, Venus, did he abandon his determination to survive his country's ruin: that then he conceived the plan of leaving his country and settling elsewhere. He then tells her how he carried his aged father Anchises on his shoulders, while his little son Ascanius walked at his side, and his wife Creüsa followed at some distance behind: how he found at the place of general rendezvous a great concourse of people ready to engage in any enterprise: how he missed his wife, and, frantic with despair, resolved to rescue her at the peril of his own life. With this in view he returns to the city, but, while searching for her, her ghost appears to him, quiets his mind and informs him of the land the fates had destined to him. He also relates his own adventures on that fatal night, when Priam's once powerful kingdom fell.

THE
AENEID

OF
P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK II.

ALL became silent, and fixed their eyes upon him, eagerly attentive; then father Aeneas thus from his lofty couch began:

Unutterable woes, O queen, you urge me to renew: to tell how the Greeks overturned the power of Troy, and its deplorable realms: both what scenes of misery I myself beheld and those wherein I was a principal party. What Myrmidon, or Dolopian, or who of hardened Ulysses' band, can, in the very telling of such woes, refrain from tears? Besides, humid night is hastening down the sky, and the setting stars invite to sleep. But if you are so desirous of knowing our misfortunes, and of briefly hearing the last effort of Troy, though my soul shudders at the remembrance, and hath shrunk back with grief, yet will I begin. The Grecian leaders, now disheartened by the war, and baffled by the Fates, after a revolution of so many years, [being assisted] by the divine skill of Pallas, build a horse as large as a mountain, and interweave its ribs with planks of fir. This they pretend to be an offering, in order to procure a safe return; which report spreads. Hither having secretly conveyed a select band, chosen by lot, they shut them up into the dark sides, and fill its capacious caverns and womb with armed soldiers.

In sight [of Troy] lies Tenedos, an island well known by fame, and flourishing while Priam's kingdom stood:

now only a bay, and a station unfaithful for ships. Having made this island, they conceal themselves in that desolate shore. We imagined they were gone, and that they had set sail for Mycenæ. In consequence of [this], all Troy is released from its long distress: the gates are thrown open; with joy we issue forth, and view the Grecian camp, the deserted plains, and the abandoned shore. Here were the Dolopian bands, there stern Achilles had pitched his tent; here were the ships drawn up, there they were wont to contend in array. Some view with amazement that baleful offering of the virgin Minerva, and wonder at the stupendous bulk of the horse; and Thymoetes first advised that it be dragged within the walls and lodged in the tower, whether with treacherous design, or that the destiny of Troy now would have it so. But Capys, and all whose minds had wiser sentiments, strenuously urge either to throw into the sea the treacherous snare and suspected oblation of the Greeks; or by applying flames consume it to ashes; or to lay open and ransack the recesses of the hollow womb. The fickle populace is split into opposite inclinations.

Upon this, Laocoon, accompanied with a numerous troop, first before all, with ardor hastens down from the top of the citadel; and while yet a great way off [cries out], O wretched countrymen, what desperate infatuation is this? Do you believe the enemy gone? or think you any gift of the Greeks can be free from deceit? Is Ulysses thus known to you? Either the Greeks lie concealed within this wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to overlook our houses, and to come down upon our city; or some mischievous design lurks beneath it. Trojans, put no faith in this horse. Whatever it be, I dread the Greeks even when they bring gifts. Thus said, with valiant strength he hurled his massy spear against the sides and belly of the monster, where it swelled out with its jointed timbers; the weapon stood quivering, and the womb being shaken, the hollow caverns rang, and sent forth a groan. And had not the decrees of heaven [been adverse], if our minds had not been infatuated, he had prevailed on us to mutilate with the sword this dark recess of the Greeks; and thou, Troy, wouldst still have stood, and thou, lofty tower of Priam, now remained!

In the mean time, behold, Trojan shepherds, with loud

acclamations, came dragging to the king a youth, whose hands were bound behind him; who, to them a mere stranger, had voluntarily thrown himself in the way, to promote this same design, and open Troy to the Greeks; a resolute soul, and prepared for both, either to execute his perfidious purpose, or submit to inevitable death. The Trojan youth pour tumultuously around from every quarter, from eagerness to see him, and they vie with one another in insulting the captive. Now learn the treachery of the Greeks, and from one crime take a specimen of the whole nation. For as he stood among the gazing crowds perplexed, defenceless, and threw his eyes around the Trojan bands, Ah! says he, what land, what seas can now receive me? or to what further extremity can I, a forlorn wretch, be reduced, for whom there is no shelter anywhere among the Greeks? and to complete my misery, the Trojans too, incensed against me, sue for satisfaction with my blood. By which mournful accents our affections at once were moved toward him, and all our resentment suppressed: we exhort him to say from what race he sprung, or what message he brings to declare what confidence we may repose in him, now that he is our prisoner.

Then he, having at length laid aside fear, thus proceeds: I indeed, O king, will confess to you the whole truth, says he, be the event what will; nor will I disown that I am of Grecian extraction: this I promise; nor shall it be in the power of cruel fortune, though she has made Sinon miserable, to make him also false and disingenuous. If accidentally, in the course of report, the name of Palamedes, the descendant of Belus, and his illustrious renown, ever reached your ears (who, though innocent, the Greeks sent down to death, under a false accusation of treason, upon a villainous evidence, because he gave his opinion against the war; [but whom] now they mourn bereaved of the light); with him my poor father sent me in company to the war, from my earliest years, being his near relative. While he remained safe in the kingdom, and had weight in the counsels of the princess, I too bore some reputation and honor: [but] from the time that he, by the malice of the crafty Ulysses (they are well-known truths I speak), quitted the regions above, I distressed dragged out my life in obscurity and grief,

and secretly repined at the fate of my innocent friend. Nor could I hold my peace, fool that I was, but vowed revenge, if fortune should anyway give me the opportunity, if ever I should return victorious to my native Argos; and, by my words, I provoked bitter enmity. Hence arose the first symptom of my misery; henceforth Ulysses was always terrifying me with new accusations; henceforth he began to spread ambiguous surmises among the vulgar, and, conscious [of his own guilt], sought the means of defense. Nor did he give over, till, by making Calchas his tool— But why do I thus in vain unfold these disagreeables? or why do I lose time? If you place all the Greeks on the same footing, and your having heard that be enough [to undo me], this very instant strike the fatal blow: this the prince of Ithaca wishes, and the sons of Atreus would give large sums to purchase.

Then, indeed, we grow impatient to know and to find out the causes, unacquainted with such consummate villainy and Grecian artifice. He proceeds with palpitation, and speaks in the falsehood of his heart.

After quitting Troy, the Greeks sought often to surmount the difficulties of their return, and, tired out with the length of the war, to be gone. And I wish they had! Often did the rough tempest on the ocean bar their flight, and the south wind deterred them in their setting out. Especially when now this horse, framed of maple planks, was reared, storms roared through all the regions of the air. In perplexity we send Eurypylus to consult the oracle of Apollo; and from the sacred shrine he brings back this dismal response: Ye appeased the winds, O ye Greeks, with the blood of a virgin slain, when first you arrived on the Trojan coast; by blood must your return be purchased, and atonement made by the life of a Greek. Which intimation no sooner reached the ears of the multitude, than their minds were stunned, and freezing horror thrilled through their very bones; [anxious to know] whom the Fates destined, whom Apollo demanded. Upon this Ulysses drags forth Calchas the seer, with great bustle, into the midst of the crowd; importunes him to say what that will of the gods may be; and, by this time, many presaged to me the cruel purpose of the dissembler, and quietly foresaw the event. He, for twice five days is mute, and close shut up, refuses to give forth his declaration against any person, or doom him to death.

At length, with much ado, teased by the importunate clamors of Ulysses, he breaks silence by concert, and destines me to the altar. All assented, and were content to have what each dreaded for himself, turned off to the ruin of one poor wretch. And now the rueful day approached; for me the sacred rites were prepared, and the salted cakes, and fillets [to bind] about my temples. From death, I own, I made my escape, and broke my bonds; and in a slimy fen all night I lurked obscure among the weeds, till they should set sail, if by chance they should do so. Nor have I now any hope of being blessed with the sight of my ancient country, nor of my sweet children, and my much-beloved sire; whom they, perhaps, will sue to vengeance for my escape, and expiate this offense of mine by the death of those unhappy innocents. But I conjure you, by the powers above, by the gods who are conscious of truth, by whatever remains of inviolable faith any where among mortals, compassionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul suffering unworthy treatment.

At these tears we grant him his life, and pity him from our hearts. Priam himself first gives orders that the manacles and strait bonds be loosed from the man, then thus addresses him in the language of a friend: Whoever you are, now henceforth forget the Greeks you have lost; ours you shall be; and give me an ingenuous reply to these questions: To what purpose raised they this stupendous bulk of a horse? who was the contriver? or what do they intend? what was the religious motive? or what war-like engine is it? he said. The other, practiced in fraud and Grecian artifice, lifted up to heaven his hands, loosed from the bonds: To you, ye everlasting orbs of fire, he says, and your inviolable divinity; to you, ye altars, and horrid swords, which I escaped; and ye fillets of the gods, which I a victim wore; to you I appeal, that I am free to violate all the sacred obligations I was under to the Greeks; I am free to hold these men in abhorrence, and to bring forth to light all their dark designs, if any they conceal; nor am I bound by any of the laws of my country. Only do thou, O Troy, abide by thy promises, and, being preserved, preserve thy faith; provided I disclose the truth, provided I make thee large amends.

The whole hope of the Greeks, and their confidence in the war begun,

always depended upon the aid of Pallas: but when the sacrilegious Diomedé, and Ulysses the contriver of wicked designs, in their attempt to carry off by force from her holy temple the fatal Palladium, having slain the guards of her high tower, seized her sacred image, and with bloody hands dared to touch the virgin fillets of the goddess; from that day the hope of the Greeks began to ebb, and losing footing, to decline: their powers were weakened, the mind of the goddess alienated: nor did Tritonia show these indications [of her wrath] by dubious prodigies; for scarcely was the statue set up in the camp, when bright flames flashed from her staring eyeballs, and a briny sweat flowed over her limbs; and (wonderful to tell) she herself sprung thrice from the ground, armed as she was, with her shield and quivering spear. Forthwith Calchas declares, that we must attempt the seas in flight, and that Troy can never be razed by the Grecian sword, unless they repeat the omens at Argos, and carry back the goddess whom they had conveyed over the sea with themselves in their curved ships. And now, that they have sailed for their native Mycenæ with the wind, they are providing themselves with arms, and gods to accompany them; and, having measured back the sea, they will come upon you unexpected: so Calchas interprets the omens. This figure, being warned, they reared in lieu of the Palladium, in lieu of the violated goddess, in order to atone for their direful crime. But Calchas commanded to build this enormous mass of fabricated oak and raise it to the skies, that it might not be admitted into the gates, or dragged into the city, nor protect the people under their ancient religion. For [he declared that] if your hands should violate this offering sacred to Minerva, then signal ruin (which omen may the gods rather turn on himself!) awaited Priam's empire and the Trojans. But, if by your hands it mounted into the city, that Asia, without further provocation given, would advance with a formidable war to the very walls of Pelops, and our posterity be doomed to the same fate.

By such treachery and artifice of perjured Sinon, the story was believed: and we, whom neither Diomedé, nor Larissæan Achilles, nor [a siege of] ten years, nor a thousand ships, had subdued, were ensnared by guile and constrained tears.

Here another greater scene, and far more terrible, is presented to our wretched sight, and disturbs our unexpected breasts. Laocoon, ordained Neptune's priest by lot, was sacrificing a stately bullock at the altars set apart for that solemnity; when lo! from Tenedos over the tranquil deep (I shudder at the relation) two serpents, with orbs immense, bear along on the sea, and with equal motion shoot forward to the shore; whose breasts erect amid the waves, and crests bedropped with blood, tower above the flood: their other parts sweep the sea behind, and wind their spacious backs in rolling spires. A loud noise is made by the briny ocean foaming: and now they reached the shores, and, suffused with fire and blood as to their glaring eyes, with quivering tongues licked their hissing mouths. Pale with fear at the sight, we flee different ways. They, with resolute motion advance toward Laocoon; and first both serpents, with close embraces, twine around the little bodies of his two sons, and with their fangs mangle their wretched limbs. Next they seize himself, as he is coming up with weapons to their relief, and bind him fast in their mighty folds; and now grasping him twice about the middle, twice winding their scaly backs around his neck, they overtop him by the head and lofty neck. He strains at once with his hands to tear asunder their knotted spires, while his fillets are stained with gore and black poison: at the same time he raises hideous shrieks to heaven; such bellowing as when a bull has fled wounded from the altar, and has eluded with his neck the missing axe. Meanwhile, the two serpents glide off to the high temple, and repair to the fane of stern Tritonia, and are sheltered under the feet of the goddess, and the orb of her buckler. Then, indeed, new terror diffuses itself through the quaking hearts of all; and they pronounce Laocoon to have deservedly suffered for his crime, in having violated the sacred wood with his pointed weapon, and hurled his profane spear against its sides. They urge with general voice to convey the statue to its proper seat, and implore the favor of the goddess. We make a breach in the walls, and lay open the bulwarks of the city. All keenly ply the work; and under the feet

apply smooth-rolling wheels; stretch hempen ropes from the neck. The fatal machine passes over our walls, pregnant with arms; boys and unmarried virgins accompany it with sacred hymns, and are glad to touch the rope with their hands. It advances, and with menacing aspect slides into the heart of the city. O country, O Ilium, the habitation of gods, and ye walls of Troy by war renowned! Four times it stopped in the very threshold of the gate, and four times the arms resounded in its womb: yet we, heedless, and blind with frantic zeal, urge on, and plant the baneful monster in the sacred citadel. Then, too, Cassandra, by the inspiration of the god, opens her lips to our approaching doom, never believed by the Trojans. Unhappy we, to whom that day was to be the last, adorn the temples of the gods throughout the city with festive boughs.

Meanwhile, the heavens change, and night advances rapidly from the ocean, wrapping in her extended shade both earth and heaven, and the wiles of the Myrmidons. The Trojans, dispersed about the walls, were hushed: deep Sleep fast binds them weary in his embraces. And now the Grecian host, in their equipped vessels, set out from Tenedos, making toward the well-known shore, by the friendly silence of the quiet moonshine, as soon as the royal [galley] stern had exhibited the signal fire; and Sinon, preserved by the will of the adverse gods, in a stolen hour unlocks the wooden prison to the Greeks shut up in its womb: the horse, from his expanded caverns, pours them forth to the open air; and with joy issue from the hollow wood Thessandrus and Sthenelus the chiefs, and dire Ulysses, sliding down by a suspended rope, with Acamas and Thoas, Neoptolemus, the grandson of Peleus, and Machaon who led the way, with Menelaus, and Epeus the very contriver of the trick. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine. The sentinels are beaten down; and with opened gates they receive all their friends, and join the conscious bands.

It was the time when the first sleep invades languid mortals, and steals upon them, by the gift of the gods, most sweet. In my sleep, lo! Hector, extremely sad seemed to stand before my eyes, and to shed floods of tears;

dragged, as formerly, by the chariot, and black with gory dust, and his swollen feet bored through with thongs. Ah me! in what piteous plight he was! how changed from that Hector who returned clad in the armor of Achilles, or darting Phrygian flames against the ships of Greece! wearing a grizzly beard, hair clotted with blood, and those many wounds which he had received under his native walls. I, methought, in tears addressed the hero first, and poured forth these mournful accents: O light of Troy, O Trojans' firmest hope! what tedious causes have detained thee so long? Whence comest thou, my long-looked-for Hector? With what joy do we weary behold thee after the many deaths of thy friends, after the various disasters of men and city! What unworthy cause has deformed the serenity of thy looks? or why do I behold these wounds? He [said] not a word; nor regards me, questioning of what nought availed; but heavily, from the bottom of his heart, drawing a groan, he says, Ah! flee, thou goddess-born, and snatch thyself from these flames: the enemy is in possession of the walls; Troy falls from its towering tops. To Priam, to my country, all duty has been done. Could those walls have been saved by the hand, by this same hand had they been saved. Troy commends to thee her sacred things, and her gods: these take companions of thy fate; for these go in quest of a city, which, in process of time, you shall erect, larger of size, after a wandering voyage. He said, and with his own hands brings forth, from the inner temple, the fillets, the powerful Vesta, and the fire which always burned.

Meanwhile the city is filled with mingled scenes of woe; and though my father Anchises' house stood retired, and inclosed with trees, louder and louder the sounds rise on the ear, and the horrid din of arms assails. I start from sleep, and, by hasty steps, gain the highest battlement of the palace, and stand with erect ears: as when a flame is driven by the furious south winds on standing corn; or as a torrent impetuously bursting in a mountain-flood desolates the fields, desolates the rich crops of corn, and the labors of the ox, and drags woods headlong down: the unwary shepherd, struck with the sound from the top of a high rock, stands amazed.

Then, indeed, the truth is confirmed, and the treachery of the Greeks disclosed. Now Deiphobus' spacious house tumbles down, overpowered by the conflagration; now, next to him, Ucalegon blazes: the straits of Sigæum shine far and wide with the flames. The shout of men and clangor of trumpets arise. My arms I snatch in mad haste: nor is there in arms enough of reason: but all my soul burns to collect a troop for the war, and rush into the citadel with my fellows: fury and rage hurry on my mind, and it occurs to me how glorious it is to die in arms.

Lo! then Pantheus, escaped from the sword of the Greeks, Pantheus, the son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and of Apollo, is hurrying away with him the holy utensils, the conquered gods, and his little grandchild, and makes for the shore in distraction. How is it, Pantheus, with the main affair? what fortress do we seize? I had scarcely spoken, when, with a groan, he thus replies: Our last day is come, and the inevitable doom of Troy: we are Trojans no more: adieu to Ilium, and the high renown of Teucer's race: fierce Jupiter hath transferred all to Argos: the Greeks bear rule in the burning city. The towering horse, planted in the midst of our streets, pours forth armed troops; and Sinon victorious with insolent triumph scatters the flames. Others are pressing at our wide-opened gates, as many thousands as ever came from populous Mycenæ: others with arms have blocked up the lanes to oppose our passage; the edged sword, with glittering point, stands unsheathed, ready for dealing death: hardly the foremost wardens of the gates make an effort to fight, and resist in the blind encounter. By these words of Pantheus, and by the impulse of the gods, I hurry away into flames and arms; whither the grim Fury, whither the din and shrieks that rend the skies, urge me on. Ripheus, and Epytus, mighty in arms, join me; and Hypanis and Dymas coming up with us by the light of the moon, and closely adhere to my side; and also young Corœbus, Mygdon's son, who at that time had chanced to come to Troy, inflamed with a mad passion for Cassandra,

and [in prospect, his] son-in-law, brought assistance to Priam and the Trojans. Ill-fated youth, who heeded not the admonitions of his raving spouse! Whom, close united, soon as I saw resolute to engage, to animate them the more I thus begin: "Youths, souls magnanimous in vain! if it is your determined purpose to follow me in this last attempt, you see what is the situation of our affairs. All the gods, by whom this empire stood, have deserted their shrines and altars abandoned [to the enemy]: you come to the relief of the city in flames: let us meet death, and rush into the thickest of our armed foes. The only safety for the vanquished is to throw away all hope of safety." Thus the courage of each youth is kindled into fury. Then, like ravenous wolves in a gloomy fog, whom the fell rage of hunger hath driven forth, blind to danger, and whose whelps left behind long for their return with thirsting jaws; through arms, through enemies, we march up to imminent death, and advance through the middle of the city: sable Night hovers around us with her hollow shade. Who can describe in words the havoc, who the deaths of that night? or who can furnish tears equal to the disasters? Our ancient city, having borne sway for many years, falls to the ground: great numbers of sluggish carcasses are strewn up and down, both in the streets, in the houses, and the sacred thresholds of the gods. Nor do the Trojans alone pay the penalty with their blood: the vanquished too, at times, resume courage in their hearts, and the victorious Grecians fall: everywhere is cruel sorrow, everywhere terror and death in thousand shapes.

Androgeos first comes up with us, accompanied by a numerous band of Greeks, unadvisedly imagining that we were confederate troops; and he introduces himself to us with this friendly address: Haste, men; what so tardy sloth detains you? Others tear and plunder the blazing towers of Troy: are you but just come from your lofty ships? He said, and instantly perceived (for we returned him no very trusty answer) that he had stumbled into the midst of foes. He was confounded, and with his words recalled his step.

As one who, in his walk, hath trodden upon a snake unseen in the rough thorns, and in fearful haste hath started back from him, while he is collecting all his rage, and swelling his azure crest; just so Androgeos, terrified at the sight [of us], began to withdraw. We rush in, and pour around with arms close joined, and knock them down here and there, strangers as they were to the place, and possessed with fear: fortune smiles upon our first enterprise. Upon this Corœbus, exulting with success and courage, cried out, My fellows, where fortune thus early points out our way to safety, and where she shows herself propitious, let us follow. Let us exchange shields, and fit to ourselves the badges of the Greeks: whether stratagem or valor, who questions in an enemy? they themselves will supply us with arms. This said, he puts on the crested helmet of Androgeos, and the rich ornament of his shield, and buckles to his side a Grecian sword. The same does Ripheus, the same does Dymas too, and all the youth well pleased: each arms himself with the recent spoils. We march on, mingling with the Greeks, but not with heaven on our side; and in many a skirmish we engage during the dark night: many of the Greeks we send down to Hades. Some flee to the ships, and seek the trusty shore in their flight; some, through dishonest fear, scale once more the bulky horse, and lurk within the well-known womb.

Alas! on nothing ought man to presume, while the gods are against him! Lo! Cassandra, Priam's virgin daughter, with her hair dishevelled, was dragged along from the temple and shrine of Minerva, raising to heaven her glaring eyes in vain; her eyes—for cords bound her tender hands. Corœbus, in the madness of his soul, could not bear this spectacle, and, resolved to perish, threw himself into the midst of the band. We all follow, and rush upon them in close array. Upon this we are first overpowered with the darts of our friends from the high summit of the temple, and a most piteous slaughter ensues, through the appearance of our arms, and the disguise of our Grecian crests. Next the Greeks, through anguish and rage for the rescue of the virgin, fall upon us in troops from every quarter; Ajax, most fierce,

both the sons of Atreus, and the whole band of the Dolopes: as, at times, in a burst hurricane, opposite winds encounter, the west and south, and Eurys, proud of his eastern steeds; the woods creak, foaming Nereus rages with his trident, and rouses the seas from the lowest bottom. They, too, whom, through the shades, in the dusky night, we by stratagem had routed and driven all over the city, make their appearance; they are the first who discover our shields and counterfeit arms, and mark our voices in sound discordant with their own. In a moment we are overpowered by numbers; and first Corcebus sinks in death by the hand of Peneleus, at the altar of the warrior-goddess: Ripheus, too falls, the most just among the Trojans, and of the strictest integrity; but to the gods it seemed otherwise. Hypanis and Dymas die by the cruel darts of their own friends, nor did thy signal piety, no the fillets of Apollo, save thee, Pantheus, in thy dying hour. Ye ashes of Troy, ye expiring flames of my country! witness, that in your fall I shunned neither darts nor any deadly chances of the Greeks; and, had it been fated that I should fall, I deserved it by my hand. Thence we are forced away, Iphitus, Pelias, and myself (of whom Iphitus was now unwieldy through age, and Pelias disabled by a wound from Ulysses), forthwith to Priam's palace called by the outcries.

Here, indeed [we beheld], a dreadful fight, as though this had been the only seat of the war, as though none had been dying in all the city besides; with such ungoverned fury we see Mars raging and the Greeks rushing forward to the palace, and the gates besieged by an advancing testudo. Scaling ladders are fixed against the walls, and by their steps they mount to the very door-posts, and protecting themselves by their left arms, oppose their bucklers to the darts, [while] with their right hands they grasp the battlements. On the other hand, the Trojans tear down the turrets and roofs of their houses; with these weapons, since they see the extremity, they seek to defend themselves now in their last death struggle and tumble down the gilded rafters, those stately ornaments of their ancestors: others with drawn swords beset the gates below; these they guard in a firm, compact body. Our ardor is restored to relieve the royal palace, support our friends with aid, and impart fresh strength to the vanquished.

There was a passage, a secret entry, a free communication between the palaces of Priam, a neglected postern-gate, by which unfortunate Andromache, while the kingdom stood, was often wont to resort to her parents-in-law without retinue, and to lead the boy Astyanax to his grandsire. I mount up to the roof of the highest battlement, whence the distressed Trojans were hurling unavailing darts. With our swords assailing all around a turret, situated on a precipice, and shooting up its towering top to the stars (whence we were wont to survey all Troy, the fleet of Greece, and all the Grecian camp), where the topmost story made the joints more apt to give way, we tear it from its deep foundation, and push it on [our foes]. Suddenly tumbling down, it brings thundering desolation with it, and falls with wide havoc on the Grecian troops. But others succeed: meanwhile, neither stones, nor any sort of missile weapons, cease to fly.

Just before the vestibule, and at the outer gate, Pyrrhus exults, glittering in arms and gleamy brass; as when a snake [comes forth] to light, having fed on noxious herbs, whom, bloated [with poison], the frozen winter hid under the earth, now renewed, and sleek with youth, after casting his skin, with breast erect he rolls up his slippery back, reared to the sun, and brandishes a three-forked tongue in his mouth. At the same time bulky Periphas and Automedon, charioteer to Achilles [now Pyrrhus'], armor-bearer; at the same all the youth from Scyros advance to the wall, and toss brands to the roof. Pyrrhus himself in the front, snatching up a battle-axe, beats through the stubborn gates, and labors to tear the brazen posts from the hinges; and now, having hewn away the bars, he dug through the firm boards, and made a large, wide-mouthed breach. The palace within is exposed to view, and the long galleries are discovered; the sacred recesses of Priam and the ancient kings are exposed to view; and they see armed men standing at the gate.

As for the inner palace, it is filled with mingled groans and doleful uproar, and the hollow rooms all throughout howl with female yells; their shrieks strike the golden stars.

Then the trembling matrons roam through the spacious halls, and in embraces hug the door-posts, and cling to them with their lips. Pyrrhus presses on with all his father's violence; nor bolts, nor guards themselves, are able to sustain. The gate, by repeated battering blows, gives way, and the door-posts, torn from their hinges, tumble to the ground. The Greeks make their way by force, burst a passage, and, being admitted, butcher the first they meet, and fill the places all about with their troops. Not with such fury a river pours on the fields its heavy torrent, and sweeps away herds with their stalls over all the plains, when foaming it has burst away from its broken banks, and borne down opposing mounds with its whirling current. I myself beheld Neoptolemus raving with bloody rage, and the two sons of Atreus at the gate; I beheld Hecuba, and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam at the altar, defiling with his blood the fires which he himself had consecrated. Those fifty bed-chambers, the so great hope of descendants, those doors, that proudly shone with barbaric gold and spoils, were levelled with the ground: where the flames relent, the Greeks take place.

Perhaps, too, you are curious to hear what was Priam's fate. As soon as he beheld the catastrophe of the taken city, and his palace-gates broken down, and the enemy planted in the middle of his private apartments, the aged monarch, with unavailing aim, buckles on his shoulders (trembling with years) arms long disused, girds himself with his useless sword, and rushes into the thickest of the foes, resolute on death. In the center of the palace, and under the bare canopy of heaven, stood a large altar, and an aged laurel near it, overhanging the altar, and encircling the household gods with its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters (like pigeons flying precipitantly from a blackening tempest) crowded together, and embracing the shrines of the gods, vainly sat round the altars. But as soon as she saw Priam clad in youthful arms, unhappy spouse, she cries, What dire purpose has prompted thee to brace on these arms? or whither art thou hurrying? The present conjuncture hath no need of such aid, nor such defense: though even my Hector himself were here [it would not avail]. Hither repair, now that all hope is lost; this altar will protect us all, or here you [and we] shall die together. Having thus said, she took the old man to her embraces, and placed him on the sacred seat.

But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, who had escaped from the sword of Pyrrhus, through darts, through foes, flees along the long galleries, and wounded traverses the waste halls. Pyrrhus, all on fire, pursues him with the hostile weapon, is just grasping him with his hand, and presses on him with the spear. Soon as he at length got into the sight and presence of his parents, he dropped down, and poured out his life with a stream of blood. Upon this, Priam, though now held in the very midst of death, yet did not forbear, nor spared his tongue and passion: But may the gods, he cries, if there be any justice in heaven to regard such events, give ample retribution and grant due reward for this wickedness, for these thy audacious crimes, to thee who hast made me to witness the death of my own son, and defiled a father's eyes with the sight of blood; yet he from whom you falsely claim your birth, even Achilles was not thus barbarous to Priam, though his enemy, but paid some reverence to the laws of nations, and a suppliant's right, restored my Hector's lifeless corpse to be buried, and sent me back into my kingdom. Thus spoke the old man, and, without any force, threw a feeble dart: which was instantly repelled by the hoarse brass, and hung on the highest boss of the buckler without any execution. To whom Pyrrhus replies, These tidings then yourself shall bear, and go with the message to my father, the son of Peleus: forget not to inform him of my cruel deeds, and of his degenerate son Neoptolemus: now die. With these words he dragged him to the very altar, trembling and sliding in the streaming gore of his son: and with his left hand grasped his twisted hair, and with his right unsheathed his glittering sword, and plunged it into his side up to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fate: this was the final doom allotted to him, having before his eyes Troy consumed, and its towers laid in ruins; once the proud monarch over so many nations and countries of Asia: now his mighty trunk lies extended on the shore, the head torn from the shoulders, and a nameless corpse.

Then, and not till then, fierce horror assailed me round: I stood aghast; the image of my dear father arose to my mind, when I saw the king, of equal age, breathing out

his soul by a cruel wound; Creüsa, forsaken, came into mind, my rifled house, and the fate of the little Iulus. I look about and survey what troops were to stand by me. All had left me through despair, and flung their fainting bodies to the ground, or gave them to the flames.

And thus now I remained all alone, when I espy Helen keeping watch in the temple of Vesta, and silently lurking in a secret corner: the bright flames give me light as I am roving on, and throwing my eyes around on every object. She, the common Fury of Troy and her country, dreading the Trojans, her deadly foes, upon account of their ruined country, and the vengeance of the Greeks, with the fierce resentment of her deserted lord, had hidden herself, and was sitting near the altars, an odious sight. Flames were kindled in my soul: rage possessed me to avenge my falling country, and take the vengeance her guilt deserved. Shall she then with impunity behold Sparta and her country Mycenæ, and go off a queen, after she has gained her triumph? shall she see her marriage-bed, her home, her fathers, her sons, accompanied with a retinue of Trojan dames and Phrygian women her slaves? shall Priam have fallen by the sword, shall Troy have burned with the flame, shall the Trojan shore so often be drenched in blood? It must not be so: for though there be no memorable name in punishing a woman, nor any honor in such a victory, yet shall I be applauded for having extinguished a wicked wretch, and for inflicting on her the punishment she deserves: besides, it will be a pleasure to gratify my desire of burning revenge, and to give satisfaction to the ashes of my friends. Thus was I rapidly reflecting, and furiously agitated in my soul, when my benign mother presented herself to my view with such brightness as I had never seen before, and amid the night shone forth in pure light, displaying all the goddess, with such dignity, such stature, as she is wont to show to the immortals: she restrained me fast held by the right hand, and besides, let fall these words from her rosy lips: My son, what high provocation kindles thy ungoverned rage? why art thou raving? or whither hast thy regard for me fled? Will you not first see in what situation you have left your father Anchises, encumbered with age? whether your spouse Creüsa be in life,

and the boy Ascanius, around whom the Grecian troops from every quarter reel? and, unless my care oppose, the flames will have already carried off, and the cruel sword imbibed their blood. Not the features of Lacedæmonian Helen, odious in your eyes, nor Paris blamed; but the gods, the unrelenting gods, overthrow this powerful realm, and level the towering tops of Troy with the ground. Turn your eyes; for I will dissipate every cloud which now, intercepting the view, bedims your mortal sight, and spreads a humid veil of mist around you: fear not you the commands of a parent, nor refuse to obey her orders. Here, where you see scattered ruins, and stones torn from stones, and smoke in waves ascending with mingled dust, Neptune shakes the walls and foundations loosened by his mighty trident, and overturns the whole city from its basis. Here Juno, extremely fierce, is posted in the front to guard the Scæan gate, and girt with the sword, with furious summons calls from the ships her social band. Tritonian Pallas (see!) hath now planted herself on a lofty turret, refulgent in a cloud, and with her Gorgon terrible. The Sire himself supplies the Greeks with courage and strength for victory: himself stirs up the gods against the arms of Troy. Speed thy flight, my son, and put a period to thy toils. In every danger I will stand by you, and safe set you down in your father's palace. She said, and hid herself in the thick shades of night. Direful forms appear, and the mighty powers of the gods, adverse to Troy.

Then, indeed, all Ilium seemed to me at once to sink in the flames, and Troy, built by Neptune, to be overturned from its lowest foundation: even as when with emulous keenness the swains labor to fell an ash that long hath stood on a high mountain, hewing it about with iron and many an axe, ever and anon it threatens, and waving its locks, nods with its shaken top, till gradually by wounds subdued, it hath groaned its last, and torn from the ridge of the mountain, draws along with it ruin. Down I come, and under the conduct of the god, clear my way amid flames and foes; the darts give place, and the flames retire.

And now, when arrived at the gates of my paternal seat and ancient house, my father, whom I was desirous first to remove to the high mountains, and whom I first sought, obstinately refuses to prolong his life after the ruin of Troy, and to suffer exile. You, says he, who are full of youthful blood, and whose powers remain firm in all their strength, do you attempt your flight. As for me, had the powers of heaven designed I should prolong my life, they had preserved to me this house: enough it is, and more than enough, that I have seen one catastrophe, and outlived the taking of this city. Thus, oh leave me thus with the last farewell to my body laid in its dying posture. With this hand will I find death myself. The enemy will pity me, and lust for my spoils. Trivial is the loss of sepulture. I have long since been lingering out a length of years, hated by the gods, and useless from the time when the father of gods, and sovereign of men, blasted me with the winds of his thunder, and struck me with lightning.

Such purpose declaring, he persisted, and remained unalterable. On the other hand, I, my wife Creüsa, Ascanius, and the whole family bursting forth into tears, [besought] my father not to involve all with himself, nor hasten our impending fate. He still refuses, and perseveres in his purpose, and in the same settled position. Once more I flee to my arms, and, in extremity of distress, long for death: for what expedient had I left, or what chance of hope? Could you hope, sire, that I could stir one foot while you were left behind? could such impiety drop from a parent's lips? If it is the will of the gods, that nothing of this great city be preserved; if this be your settled purpose, and you will even involve yourself and yours in the wreck of Troy; the way lies open to that death of which you are so fond. Forthwith Pyrrhus, [reeking] from the effusion of Priam's blood, will be here, who kills the son before the father's eyes, and then the father at the altar. Was it for this, my benign mother, you saved me through darts, through flames, to see the enemy in the midst of these recesses, and to see Ascanius, my father, and Creüsa by his side, butchered in one another's blood? Arms, my men, bring arms; this day, which is our last, calls upon us, vanquished as we are. Give me back to the Greeks: let me visit once more the fight renewed: never shall we all die unrevenged this day.

Thus I again gird on my sword: and I thrust my left hand into my buckler, bracing it fitly on, and rushed out of the palace. But lo! my wife clung to me in the threshold, grasping my feet, and held out to his father the little Iulus: If, [says she,] you go with a resolution to perish, snatch us with you to share all: but if, from experience you repose confidence in those arms you have assumed, let this house have your first protection: To whom are you abandoning the tender Iulus, your sire, and me once called your wife?

Thus loudly expostulating, she filled the whole palace with her groans, when a sudden and wondrous prodigy arises; for amid the embraces and parting words of his mourning parents, lo! the fluttering tuft from the top of Iulus' head is seen to emit light, and with gentle touch the lambent flame glides harmless along his hair, and feeds around his temples. We, quaking, trembled for fear, brush the blazing locks, and quench the holy fire with fountain-water. But father Anchises joyful raised his eyes to the stars, and stretched his hands to heaven with his voice; Almighty Jove, if thou art moved with any supplications, vouchsafe to regard us; we ask no more: and O sire, if by our piety we deserve it, grant us then thy aid, and ratify these omens.

Scarcely had my aged sire thus said, when, with a sudden peal, it thundered on the left, and a star, that fell from the skies, drawing a fiery train, shot through the shade with a profusion of light. We could see it, gliding over the high tops of the palace, lose itself in the woods of Mount Ida, full in our view, and marking out the way: then all along its course an indented path shines, and all the place, a great way round, smokes with sulphureous steams. And now my father, overcome, raises himself to heaven, addresses the gods, and pays adoration to the holy star: Now, now is no delay: I am all submission, and where you lead the way I am with you. Ye gods of my fathers, save our family, save my grandson. From you this omen came, and Troy is at your disposal. Now, son, I resign myself indeed, nor refuse to accompany you in your expedition.

He said, and now throughout the city the flames are

more distinctly heard, and the conflagration rolls the torrents of fire nearer. Come then, dearest father, place yourself on my neck; with these shoulders will I support you, nor shall that burden oppress me. However things fall out, we both shall share either one common danger or one preservation; let the boy Iulus be my companion, and my wife may trace my steps at some distance. Ye servants, heedfully attend to what I say. In your way from the city is a rising ground, and an ancient temple of deserted Ceres; and near it an aged cypress, preserved for many years by the religious veneration of our forefathers. To this one seat by several ways we will repair. Do you, father, take in thy hand the sacred symbols, and the gods of our country. For me, just come from war, from so fierce and recent bloodshed, to touch them would be profanation, till I have purified myself in the living stream.

This said, I spread a garment and a tawny lion's hide over my broad shoulders and submissive neck; and stoop to the burden: little Iulus is linked in my right hand, and trips after his father with unequal steps: my spouse comes up behind. We haste away through the gloomy paths: and I, whom lately no showers of darts could move, nor Greeks inclosing me in a hostile band, am now terrified with every breath of wind; every sound alarms me anxious, and equally in dread for my companion and my burden.

By this time I approached the gates, and thought I had overpassed all the way, when suddenly a thick sound of feet seems to invade my ears just at hand; and my father, stretching his eyes through the gloom, calls aloud, My son, flee, my son, they are upon you: I see the burnished shields and glittering brass. Here, in my consternation, some unfriendly deity or other confounded and bereaved me of my reason; for while in my journey I traced the by-paths, and forsake the known beaten tracks, alas! I know not whether my wife Creüsa snatched from wretched me by cruel fate,—stood still, or lost her way, or through fatigue sat down; nor did these eyes ever see her more.

Nor did I observe that she was lost, or reflect with myself, till we were come to the rising ground, and the sacred seat of ancient Ceres: here, at length, when all were convened, she alone was wanting, and gave disappointment to all our retinue, especially to her son and husband. Whom did I frantic not accuse, of gods or men? or of what more cruel scene was I a spectator in all the desolation of the city? To my friends I commended Ascanius, my father Anchises, with the gods of Troy, and lodge them secretly in a winding valley. I myself repair back to the city, and brace on my shining armor. I am resolved to renew every adventure, revisit all the quarters of Troy, and expose my life once more to all dangers.

First of all, I return to the walls, and the dark entry of the gate by which I had set out, and backward unravel my steps with care amid the darkness, and run them over with my eye. Horror on all sides, and at the same time the very silence affrights my soul. Thence homeward I bent my way, lest by chance, by any chance, she had moved thither: the Greeks had now rushed in, and were masters of the whole house. In a moment the devouring conflagration is rolled up in sheets by the wind to the lofty roof; the flames mount above; the fiery whirlwind rages to the skies. I advance, and revisit Priam's royal seat, and the citadel. And now in the desolate cloisters, Juno's sanctuary, Phoenix and the execrable Ulysses, a chosen guard, were watching the booty: hither, from all quarters, the precious Trojan movables, saved from the conflagration of the temples, the tables of the gods, the massy golden goblets, and plundered vestments, are amassed: boys, and timorous matrons, stand all around in a long train.

Now adventuring even to dart my voice through the shades, I filled the streets with outcry, and in anguish, with vain repetition, again and again, called on Creüsa. While I was in this search, and with incessant fury raging through all quarters of the town, the mournful ghost and shade of my Creüsa's self appeared before my eyes, her figure larger than I had known it. I stood aghast! my hair rose on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. Then thus she bespeaks me, and relieves my cares with these words: My darling spouse, what pleasure have you thus to indulge in grief which is but madness?

These events do not occur without the will of the gods. It is not allowed you to carry Creüsa hence to accompany you, nor is it permitted by yonder ruler of heaven supreme. In long banishment you must roam, and plow the vast expanse of the ocean: to the land of Hesperia you shall come, where the Lydian Tiber, with his gentle current, glides through a rich land of heroes. There, prosperous state, a crown, and royal spouse, await you: dry up your tears for your beloved Creüsa. I, of Dardanus' noble line, and the daughter-in-law of divine Venus, shall not see the proud seats of the Myrmidons and Dolopes, nor go to serve the Grecian dames; but the great mother of the gods detains me upon these coasts. And now farewell, and preserve your affection to our common son. With these words she left me in tears, ready to say many things, and vanished into thin air. There thrice I attempted to throw my arms around her neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped my hold, swift as the winged winds, and resembling most a fleeting dream.

Thus having spent the night, I at length revisit my associates. And here, to my surprise, I found a great confluence of new companions: matrons, and men, and youths, drawn together to share our exile, a piteous throng! From all sides they convened, resolute [to follow me] with their souls and fortunes, and whatever country I was inclined to conduct them over the sea. By this time, the bright morning star was rising on the craggy tops of lofty Ida, and ushered in the day: the Greeks held the entrance of the gates blocked up; nor had we any prospect of relief. I gave way, and bearing up my father, made toward the mountain.

BOOK THIRD.

SYNOPSIS.

THE STORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WANDERING.

AENEAS having finished his account of the sack of Troy, relates to Dido the particulars of his voyage. With a fleet of twenty ships he set sail, landing on the shores of Thrace, where he commenced to build a city which he called Aenos. In this work, however, he was soon interrupted by the shade of Polydorus, which directed him to leave the polluted land.

Having performed funeral rites to Polydorus, he directed his course to the south, arriving on the coast of Delos. Here Anius, king of the island and priest of Apollo, hospitably received him. Having been directed by the oracle to seek the land of his ancestors, he concluded that Crete was the place indicated.

They leave Delos and in a short time reach the shores of Crete. Here Aeneas lays the foundation of a city which he calls Pergama, when suddenly a plague arises which carries off many of his companions. It is agreed that he should revisit Delos for further instructions, but in a vision he is informed that the oracle of Apollo intended that he should seek Italy, the land of Dardanus.

Aeneas immediately leaves Crete and in a few days arrives on the coast of the Strophades.

Leaving these islands, he sails westward and soon arrives on the coast of Epirus. He lands at Actium where the Trojan games are celebrated.

From Actium he proceeds to Chaonia, where he learns that Helenus, the son of Priam, sat on the throne of Pyrrhus, and that Andromache had become his wife. Wishing to hear the truth of this report, he visits Buthrotus, the seat of government, where he finds his friends and on his departure, is loaded with presents.

From Epirus, Aeneas crosses the Ionian sea, and arrives at the promontory Iapygium. He then sails along the coast of Magna Graecia and the eastern shore of Sicily to the promontory Pachynum; thence along the southern shore to Drepanum, where his father Anchises died.

THE
AENEID

OF

P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK III.

AFTER it had seemed fit to the gods to overthrow the power of Asia, and Priam's race, undeserving [of such a fate], and stately Ilium fell, and while the whole of Troy, built by Neptune, smokes on the ground; we are determined, by revelations from the gods, to go in quest of distant retreats in exile, and unpeopled lands; we fit out a fleet just under the walls of Antandros and the mountains of Phrygian Ida; and draw our forces together, uncertain whither the Fates point our way, where it shall be given us to settle. Scarcely had the first summer begun, when my father Anchises gave command to hoist the sails, in accordance with the Fates. Then with tears I leave the shores and ports of my country, and the plains where Troy once stood: an exile I launch forth into the deep, with my associates, my son, my household gods, and the great gods [of my country].

At a distance lies a martial land, peopled throughout its wide-extended plains (the Thracians cultivate the soil), over which in former times fierce Lycurgus reigned: an ancient hospitable retreat for Troy, and whose gods were leagued with ours, while fortune was with us. Hither I am carried, and erect my first walls along the winding shore, entering with Fates unkind; and from my own name I call the citizens Aeneades.

I was performing sacred rites to my mother Venus, and the gods, the patrons of my works begun; and to the ex-

alted king of the immortals I was sacrificing a sleek bull on the shore. Near at hand there chanced to be a rising ground, on whose top were young cornel-trees, and a myrtle rough with thick spear-like branches. I came up to it, and attempting to tear from the earth the verdant wood, that I might cover the altars with the leafy boughs, I observe a dreadful prodigy, and wondrous to relate. For from that tree which first is torn from the soil, its rooted fibers being burst asunder, drops of black blood distill, and stain the ground with gore: cold terror shakes my limbs, and my chill blood is congealed with fear. I again essay to tear off a limber bough from another, and thoroughly explore the latent cause: and from the rind of that other the purple blood descends. Raising in my mind many an anxious thought, I with reverence besought the rural nymphs, and father Mars, who presides over the Thracian territories, kindly to prosper the vision and avert evil from the omen. But when I attempted the boughs a third time with a more vigorous effort, and on my knees struggled against the opposing mold (shall I speak, or shall I forbear?) a piteous groan is heard from the bottom of the rising ground, and a voice sent forth reaches my ears: Aeneas, why dost thou tear an unhappy wretch? Spare me, now that I am in my grave; forbear to pollute with guilt thy pious hands: Troy brought me forth no stranger to you; nor is it from the trunk this blood distills. Ah, flee this barbarous land, flee the avaricious shore! For Polydorus am I: here an iron crop of darts hath overwhelmed me, transfixing, and over me shot up in pointed javelins.

Then, indeed, depressed at heart with perplexing fear, I was stunned; my hair stood on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. This Polydorus, unhappy Priam had formerly sent in secrecy, with a great weight of gold, to be brought up by the king of Thrace, when he now began to distrust the arms of Troy, and saw the city with close siege blocked up. He, as soon as the power of the Trojans was crushed, and their fortune gone, espousing Agamemnon's interest and victorious arms, breaks every sacred bond, assassinates Polydorus, and by violence possesses his gold,—to what dost thou not drive the hearts of men!

Cursed thirst of gold! After fear left my bones, I report the portents of the gods to the chosen leaders of the people, and chiefly to my father, and demand what their opinion is. All are unanimous to quit that accursed land, abandon the polluted society, and spread the sails to the winds. Therefore we renew funeral ceremonies to Polydorus, and a large mound of earth is heaped up for the tomb: an altar is reared to his manes, mournfully decked with leaden-colored wreaths and gloomy cypress; and round it the Trojan matrons stand with hair disheveled, according to custom. We offer the sacrifices of the dead, bowls foaming with warm milk, and goblets of the sacred blood: we give the soul repose in the grave, and with loud voice address to him the last farewell.

This done, when first we durst confide in the main, when the winds present peaceful seas, and the south wind in soft whispering gales invites us to the deep, my mates launch the ships and crowd the shore. We are wafted from the port, and the land and cities retreat. Amid the sea there lies a charming spot of land, sacred to [Doris] (the mother of the Nereids), and Aegean Neptune; which once wandering about the coasts and shores, the pious god who wields the bow fast bound from lofty Myconos and Gyaros, and fixed it so as to be habitable, and mock the winds. Hither I am led: this most peaceful island receives us to a safe port after our fatigue. At landing we pay veneration to the city of Apollo. King Anius, both king of men and priest of Phoebus, his temples bound with fillets and sacred laurel, comes up, and presently recognizes his old friend Anchises. We join right hands in amity, and come under his roof.

I venerated the temple of the god, a structure of ancient stone [and thus began]: Thymbraean Apollo, grant us, after all our toils, some fixed mansion; grant us weary walls of defense, offspring, and a permanent city: preserve those other towers of Troy, a remnant left by the Greeks and merciless Achilles. Whom are we to follow; or whither dost thou bid us go? where fix our residence? Father, grant us a prophetic sign, and glide into our minds.

Scarcely had I thus said, when suddenly all seemed to tremble, both the temple itself, and laurel of the god; the whole mountain quaked around, and the sanctuary being exposed to view, the tripod moaned. In humble reverence we fall to the ground, and a voice reaches our ears: Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the same land which first produced you from your father's stock, shall receive you in its fertile bosom after all your dangers; search out your ancient mother. There the family of Aeneas shall rule over every coast, and his children's children, and they who from them shall spring. Thus Phœbus. Emotions of great joy, with mingled tumult, arose; and all were seeking to know what city is designed; whither Phœbus calls us wandering, and wills us to return. Then my father, revolving the historical records of ancient heroes, says, Ye leaders, give ear, and learn what you have to hope for. In the middle of the sea lies Crete, the island of mighty Jupiter, where is Mount Ida, and the nursery of our race. The Cretans inhabit a hundred mighty cities, most fertile realms: whence our mighty ancestor Teucrus, if I rightly remember the tradition, first arrived on the Rhœtean coasts, and chose the seat of his kingdom. No Ilium then nor towers of Pergamus were raised; in the deep vales they dwelt. Hence came the mother (of the gods) inhabitant of Cybele, and the brazen cymbals of the Corybantes, and the Idæan grove; hence that faithful secrecy in her sacred rites: and harnessed lions were yoked in the chariot of her queen. Come, then, and, where the commands of the gods point out our way, let us follow; let us appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian realms. Nor lie they at the distance of a long voyage: provided Jove be with us, the third day will land our fleet on the Cretan coast. This said, he offered the proper sacrifices on the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, O fair Apollo: a black sheep to the Winter, and a white one to the propitious zephyrs.

A report flies abroad, that leader Idomeneus banished, hath quitted his paternal kingdom, and that the shore of Crete is deserted; that its mansions are free from the enemy, and palaces stand forsaken. We leave the port of Ortygia, and scud along the sea:

we cruise along Naxos (on whose mountains the Bacchanals revel), green Donysa, Olearos, snowy Paros, and the Cyclades scattered up and down the main, and narrow seas thick-sown with clustered islands. With various emulation the seamen's shouts arise. The crew animate one another: For Crete and our ancestors let us speed our course. A wind springing up astern, accompanies us on our way, and we at length skim along to the ancient seats of the Curetes. Therefore, with eagerness, I raise the walls of the so-much-wished-for city, and call it the city of Pergamus; and I exhort my colony, pleased with the name, to love their hearths, and erect turrets on their roofs. And now the ships were mostly drawn up on the dry beach: the youth were engaged in their nuptials and new settlements: I was beginning to dispense laws and appropriate houses; when suddenly, from the infection of the climate, a wasting and lamentable plague seized our limbs, the trees, and corn; and the year was pregnant with death. Men left their sweet lives, or dragged along their sickly bodies: at the same time the dog-star burned up the barren fields: the herbs were parched and the unwholesome grain denied us sustenance. My father advises, that, measuring back the sea, we again apply to the oracle of Ortygia, and Apollo, and implore his grace, [to know] what end he will bring to our forlorn state; whence he will bid us attempt a redress of our calamities, whither turn our course.

It was night, and sleep reigned over all the animal world. The sacred images of the gods, and the tutelar deities of Phrygia, whom I had brought with me from Troy and the midst of the flames of the city, were seen to stand before eyes of myself lying awake, conspicuous by a glare of light, where the full moon darted her beams through the inserted windows. Then they thus [seemed to] address me, and dispel my cares with these words: What Apollo would announce to you, were you wafted to Ortygia, he here reveals, and lo! unasked, he sends us to your dwelling. We, after Troy was consumed, followed thee and thy arms; under thy conduct we have crossed the swelling sea in ships; we, too, will exalt thy future race to heaven, and give imperial power to thy city. Do thou prepare walls mighty for mighty inhabitants, and shrink not from the long labors of thy voyage.

You must change your place of residence: these are not the shores that Delian Apollo advises for you; nor was it in Crete he commanded you to settle. There is a place (the Greeks call it Hesperia by name), an ancient country, powerful in arms and rich in the fertility of its soil: the Ænотrians peopled it once; now there is a report, that their descendants have called the nation Italy, from the founder's name. These are our proper settlements: hence Dardanus sprang, and father Iasius, from which prince our race is derived. Haste, arise, and with joy report to thy aged sire these intimations of unquestionable credibility: let him search out Corythus and the Ausonian lands; Jupiter forbids thee the Cretan territories. Astonished by this vision and declaration of the gods (nor was that sleep, but methought I clearly discerned their aspect before me, their fillet-bound locks, and their forms full in my view; then a cold sweat flowed over my whole body); I snatch my frame from the couch, and lift up my hand supine to heaven with my voice, and pour hallowed offerings on the fires. Having finished the sacrifice, with joy I certify Anchises, and disclose the fact in order. He recognized the double stock, and the double founders [of the Trojan race], and that he had been deceived by a modern mistake respecting ancient countries; then he thus bespeaks me: My son, practiced in woe by the fates of Troy, Cassandra alone predicted to me that such was to be our fortune. Now I recollect that she foretold this should be the destiny of our race, and that she often spoke of Hesperia, often of the realms of Italy. But who could believe that the Trojans were to come to the Hesperian shore? or whom then did the prophetic Cassandra influence? Let us resign ourselves to Phœbus, and, since we are better advised, let us follow. He said; and exulting, we all obey his orders. This realm we likewise quit, and, leaving a few behind, unfurl our sails, and bound over the spacious sea in our hollow barks.

When the ships held possession of the deep, and no land is any longer in view, sky all around, and ocean all around; then an azure rain-cloud stood over my head, bringing on night and wintry storm; the waves grew rough in the gloom; immediately the winds overturn the sea, and mighty surges rise:

we are tossed to and fro on the face of the boiling deep: clouds enwrapped the day, and humid night snatched the heavens [from our view]; from the bursting clouds flashes of lightning redouble. We are driven from our course, and wander in unknown waves. Palinurus himself owns he is unable to distinguish day and night by the sky, and that he has forgotten his course in the mid sea. Thus for three days, that could hardly be distinguished by reason of the dark clouds, as many starless nights, we wander up and down the ocean. At length, on the fourth day, land was first seen to rise, to disclose the mountains from afar, and roll up smoke: the sails are lowered, we ply hard the oars; instantly the seamen, with exerted vigor, toss up the foam, and sweep the azure deep.

The shores of the Strophades first receive me rescued from the waves. The Strophades, so called by a Greek name, are islands situated in the great Ionian Sea; which direful Celæno and the other Harpies inhabit, from what time Phineus' palace was closed against them, and they were frightened from his table, which they formerly haunted. No monster more fell than they, no plague and scourge of the gods more cruel, ever issued from the Stygian waves. They are fowls with virgin faces, most loathsome is their bodily discharge, hands hooked, and looks ever pale with famine. Hither conveyed, as soon as we entered the port, lo! we observe joyous herds of cattle roving up and down the plains, and flocks of goats along the meadows without a keeper. We rush upon them with our swords, and invoke the gods and Jove himself to share the booty. Then along the winding shore we raise the couches, and feast on the rich repast. But suddenly, with direful swoop, the Harpies are upon us from the mountains, shake their wings with loud din, prey upon our banquet, and defile everything with their foul touch: at the same time, together with a rank smell, hideous screams arise. Again we spread our tables in a long recess, under a shelving rock, inclosed around with trees and gloomy shade; and once more we plant fire on the altar.

Again the noisy crowd, from a different quarter of the sky, and obscure retreats, flutter around the prey with hooked claws, and taint our viands with their mouths. Then I enjoin my companions to take arms, and wage war with the horrid race. They do no otherwise than bidden, dispose their swords secretly among the grass, and conceal their shields out of sight. Therefore, as soon as stooping down they raised their screaming voices along the bending shores, Misenus with his hollow trumpet of brass gives the signal from a lofty place of observation: my friends set upon them, and engage in a new kind of fight, to employ the sword in destroying obscene sea-fowls. But they neither suffer any violence on their plumes, nor wounds in the body; and, mounting up in the air with rapid flight, leave behind them their half-eaten prey, and the ugly prints of their feet. Celæno alone alighted on a high rock, the prophetess of ill, and from her breast burst forth these words: War too, ye sons of Laomedon, is it your purpose to make war for our oxen which you have slain, for the havoc you have made upon our bullocks, and to banish the innocent Harpies from their hereditary kingdom? Lend them an ear, and in your minds fix these my words: what the almighty Sire revealed to Phoebus, Phoebus Apollo to me, I the chief of the furies disclose to you. To Italy you steer your course, and Italy you shall reach after repeated invocations to the winds, and you shall be permitted to enter the port: but you shall not surround the given city with walls, till dire famine and disaster, for shedding our blood, compel you first to gnaw around and eat up your tables with your teeth. She said, and on her wings upborne flew into the wood. As for my companions, their blood, chilled with sudden fear, stagnated: their minds sunk: and now they are no longer for arms, but urge me to solicit peace by vows and prayers, whether they be goddesses, or cursed and inauspicious birds. My father Anchises, with hands spread forth from the shore, invokes the great gods, and enjoins due honors to be paid them: Ye gods, ward off these threatenings; ye gods, avert so great a calamity; and propitious save your pious votaries. Then he orders to tear the ropes from the shore, loose and disengage the cables. The south winds stretch our sails: we fly over the foaming waves, where the wind and pilot urged our course.

Now amid the waves appear woody Zaeynthos, Dulichium, Same, and Neritos, with its steep rocks. We shun the cliffs of Ithaca, Laertes' realms, and curse the land that bred the cruel Ulysses. Soon after this the cloudy tops of Mount Leucate, and [the temple of] Apollo, the dread of seamen, open to our view. Hither we steer our course oppressed with toil, and approach the little city. The anchor is thrown out from the prow: the ships are ranged on the shore.

Thus at length possessed of wished-for land, we both perform a lustral sacrifice to Jupiter, and kindle the altars in order to perform our vows, and signalize the promontory of Actium by celebrating the Trojan games. Our crew, having their naked limbs besmeared with slippery oil, exercise the wrestling matches of their country: it delights us to have escaped so many Grecian cities and pursued our voyage through the midst of our enemies. Meanwhile the sun finishes the revolution of the great year, and frosty winter exasperates the waves with the north winds. On the front door-posts [of the temple] I set up a buckler of hollow brass, which mighty Abas wore, and notify the action by this verse: "These arms Aeneas [won] from the victorious Greeks." Then I ordered [our crew] to leave the port, and take their seats on the benches. They with emulous ardor lash the sea, and sweep the waves. In an instant we lose sight of the airy towers of the Phaeacians, cruise along the coast of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian port, and approach the lofty city of Buthrotus.

Here a report of facts scarce credible invades our ears that Helenus, Priam's son, was reigning over Grecian cities, possessed of the spouse and scepter of Pyrrhus, the grandchild of Aeacus, and that Andromache had again fallen to a lord of her own country. I was amazed, and my bosom glowed with strange desire to greet the hero, and learn so signal revolutions of fortune. I set forward from the port, leaving the fleet and shore. Andromache, as it chanced, was then offering to [Hector's] ashes her anniversary feast and mournful oblations before the city in a grove, near the stream of the fictitious Simois, and invoked the manes

at Hector's tomb; which, empty, she had consecrated of green turf, and two altars, incentives to her grief. As soon as she saw me coming up, and to her amazement beheld the Trojan arms around me, terrified with a prodigy so great, she stiffened at the very sight; vital warmth forsook her limbs: she sinks down, and at length, after a long interval, with faltering accent speaks: Goddess-born, do you present yourself to me a real form, a real messenger? Do you live? or, if from you the benignant light has fled, where is Hector? She said, and shed a flood of tears, filling all the place with cries. To her, in this transport, I with difficulty make even a brief reply, and in great perturbation open my mouth in these few broken words: I am alive indeed, and spin out life through all extremes. Doubt not; for all you see is real. Ah! what accidents of life have overtaken you, since you were thrown down from [the possession of] your illustrious lord? or what fortune, some way suited to your merit, hath visited you once more? Is then Hector's Andromache bound in wedlock to Pyrrhus? Downward she cast her eyes, and thus in humble accents [spoke]: O happy, singularly happy, the fate of Priam's virgin-daughter, who, compelled to die at the enemy's tomb under the lofty walls of Troy, suffered not in having any lots cast for her, nor as a captive ever touched the bed of a victor lord! We, after the burning of our country, being transported over various seas, having brought forth children in slavery, have endured the insolence of Achilles' heir, and a haughty, imperious youth; who afterward, attaching himself to Hermione, the granddaughter of Leda, and a Lacedæmonian match, delivered me over a slave, into the possession of a slave, Helenus. But Orestes, inflamed by the violence of love to his betrothed snatched from him, and hurried on by the Furies of his crimes, surprises him in an unguarded hour, and assassinates him at his paternal altar. By the death of Neoptolemus, a part of his kingdom fell to Helenus; who denominated the plains Chaonian, and the whole country Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon, and built on the mountains [another] Pergamus and this Trojan fort. But what winds, what fates, have guided your course? or what god hath landed you on our coasts without your knowledge? What is become of the boy Ascanius? Lives he still, and breathes the vital air? whom to your care, when Troy was— Has the boy now any concern for the loss of his mother?

Is he incited, by both his father Aeneas and his uncle Hector, to ancient valor and manly courage? Thus bathed in tears she spoke, and heaved long, unavailing sobs; when the hero Helenus, Priam's son, advances from the city with a numerous retinue, knows his friends, with joy conducts them to his palace, and sheds tears in abundance between each word. I set forward, and survey the little Troy, the castle of Pergamus resembling the great original, and a scanty rivulet bearing the name of Xanthus; and I embrace the threshold of a Scaean gate. The Trojans too, at the same time, enjoy the friendly city. The king entertained them in his spacious galleries. In the midst of the court they quaffed brimmers of wine, while the banquet was served in gold, and each stood with a goblet in his hand.

And now one day, and a second, passed on, when the gales invite our sails, and the canvas bellies by the swelling south wind. In these words I accost the prophet, [Helenus,] and question him thus: Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, who knowest the divine will of Phoebus, the tripods, the laurels of the Clarian god; who knowest the stars, the ominous sounds of birds, and the prognostics of the swift wing, come, declare, (for [hitherto the omens of] religion have pronounced my whole voyage to be prosperous, and all the gods, by their divine will, have directed me to go in pursuit of Italy, and attempt a settlement in lands remote: The Harpy Celaeno alone predicts a prodigy strange and horrible to relate, and denounces direful vengeance and foul famine) what are the principal dangers I am to shun? or by the pursuit of what means may I surmount toils so great? Upon this Helenus first solicits the peace of the gods by sacrificing bullocks in due form, then unbinds the fillets of his consecrated head, and himself leads me by the hand to thy temple, O Phoebus, anxious with great awe of the god; then the priest, from his lips divine, delivers these predictions:

Goddess-born (for that you steer through the deep under some higher auspices, is unquestionably evident; so the sovereign of the gods dispenses his decree; thus he fixes the series of revolving events; such a scheme of things is coming to its accomplishment),

that you may with greater safety cross the seas to which you are a stranger, and settle in the Ausonian port, I will unfold to you in words a few particulars of many; for the Destinies prevent Helenus from knowing the rest, and Saturnian Juno forbids him to reveal it. First of all, a long intricate voyage, with a length of lands, divides [you from] Italy, which you unwittingly deem already near, and whose ports you are preparing to enter, as if just at hand. You must both ply the bending oar in the Trinacrian wave, and visit with your fleet the plains of the Ausonian Sea, the infernal lakes, and the isle of Aeaean Circe, before you can build a city in a quiet, peaceful land. I will declare the signs to you: do you keep them treasured up in your mind. When, thoughtfully musing by the streams of the secret river, you shall find a large sow that has brought forth a litter of thirty young, reclining on the ground, under the holms that shade the banks, white [the dam], the offspring white around her dugs: that shall be the station of the city; there is the period fixed to thy labors. Nor be disturbed at the future event of eating your tables: the Fates will find out an expedient, and Apollo invoked will befriend you. But shun those coasts, and those nearest limits of the Italian shore, which are washed by the tide of our sea: all those cities are inhabited by the mischievous Greeks. Here the Narycian Locrians have raised their walls, and Lyctian Idomeneus with his troops has possessed the Sallentine plains; here stands that little city Petilia, defended by the walls of Philoctetes the Meliboean chief. [Remember] also (when your fleet, having crossed the seas, shall come to a station, and you shall pay your vows at the altar raised on the shore) to cover your head, muffling yourself in a purple veil, lest the face of an enemy, amid the sacred fires in honor of the gods, appear, and disturb the omens. This custom, in sacrifice, let your friends, this yourself observe; to this religious institution let your pious descendants adhere. But when, after setting out, the wind shall waft you to the Sicilian coast, and the straits of narrow Pelorus shall open wider to the eye, veer to the land on the left, and to the sea on the left, by a long circuit; flee the right both sea and shore.

These lands, they say, once with violence and vast desolation convulsed, (such revolutions a long course of time is able to produce), slipped asunder; when in continuity both lands were one, the sea rushed impetuously between, and by its waves tore the Italian side from that of Sicily; and with a narrow frith runs between the fields and cities separated by the shores. Scylla guards the right side, implacable Charybdis the left, and thrice with the deepest eddies of its gulf swallows up the vast billows, headlong in, and again spouts them out by turns high into the air, and lashes the stars with the waves. But Scylla a cave confines within its dark recesses, reaching forth her jaws, and sucking in vessels upon the rocks. First she presents a human form, a lovely virgin down to the middle; her lower parts are those of a hideous sea-monster, with the tails of dolphins joined to the wombs of wolves. It is better with delay to coast round the extremities of Sicilian Pachynus, and steer a long winding course, than once to behold the misshapen Scylla under her capacious den, and those rocks that roar with her sea-green dogs. Further, if Helenus has any skill, if any credit is due to him as a prophet, if Apollo stores his mind with truth, I will give you this one previous admonition, this one, O goddess-born, above all the rest, and repeating I will inculcate it upon you again and again: Be sure you, in the first place, with supplications worship great Juno's divinity; to Juno cheerfully address your vows, and overcome the powerful queen with humble offerings: thus, at length, leaving Trinacria, you shall be dismissed victorious to the territories of Italy. When, wafted thither, you reach the city Cumae, the hallowed lakes, and Avernus resounding through the woods, you will see the raving prophetess, who, beneath a deep rock, reveals the fates, and commits to the leaves of trees her characters and words. Whatever verses the virgin has inscribed on the leaves, she ranges in harmonious order, and leaves in the cave inclosed by themselves: uncovered they remain in their position, nor recede from their order. But when, upon turning the hinge, a small breath of wind has blown upon them, and the door [by opening] has discomposed the tender leaves, she never afterward cares to catch the verses as they are fluttering in the hollow cave,

nor to recover their situation, or join them together. Men depart without a response, and detest the Sibyl's grot. Let not the loss of some time there seem of such consequence to you (though your friends chide, and your voyage strongly invite your sails into the deep, and you may have an opportunity to fill the bellying canvas with a prosperous gale), as to hinder you from visiting the prophetess, and earnestly entreating her to deliver the oracles herself, and vouchsafe to open her lips in vocal accents. She will declare to you the Italian nations, and your future wars, and by what means you may shun or sustain each hardship; and, with reverence addressed, will give you a successful voyage. These are all the instructions I am at liberty to give you. Go then, and by your achievements raise mighty Troy to heaven.

Which words when the prophet had thus with friendly voice pronounced, he next orders presents to be carried to the ships, heavy with gold and ivory; and within the sides of my vessel stows a large quantity of silver plate, and caldrons of Dodonean brass, a mail thick set with rings, and wrought in gold of triple tissue, together with the cone and waving crest of a shining helmet, arms which belonged to Neoptolemus: my father too has proper gifts conferred on him. He gives us horses besides, and gives us guides. He supplies us with rowers, and at the same time furnishes our crew with arms.

Meanwhile Anchises gave orders to equip our fleet with sails, that we might not be late for the favoring gale. Whom the interpreter of Apollo accosts with much respect: Anchises, honored with the illustrious bed of Venus, thou care of the gods, twice snatched from the ruins of Troy, lo! there the coast of Ausonia lies before you; thither speed your way with full sail: and yet you must needs steer your course beyond. That part of Ausonia which Apollo opens lies remote. Go, says he, happy in the pious duty of your son; why do I further insist, and by my discourse retard the rising gales? In like manner Andromache, grieved at our final departure, brings forth for Ascanius vestments wrought in figures of gold, and a Phrygian cloak; nor falls short of his dignity: she loads him also with presents of her labors in the loom, and thus addresses him,

Take these too, my child, which may be memorials to you of my handiwork, and testify the permanent affection of Andromache, the spouse of Hector: accept the last presents of thy friends. O image, which is all that I have now left of my Astyanax! just such eyes, such hands, such looks he showed; and now of equal age with you, would have been blooming into youth. I, with tears in my eyes, thus addressed them at parting: Live in felicity, ye whose fortune is now accomplished: we are summoned from fate to fate. To you tranquillity is secured; no expanse of sea have you to plough, or to pursue the ever-retreating lands of Ausonia. You behold the image of Xanthus, and the Troy which your own hands have built: Heaven grant it be with happier auspices, and be less obnoxious to the Greeks. If ever I shall enter the Tiber, and the lands that border on the Tiber, and view the walls allotted to my race, we will hereafter make our kindred cities and allied people, [yours] in Epirus, [and mine] in Italy, who have both the same founder, Dardanus, and the same fortune; [we will, I say, make] of both one Troy, in good-will. Be this the future care of our posterity.

We pursue our voyage near the adjacent Ceraunian mountains; whence lies our way, and the shortest course by sea to Italy. Meanwhile the sun goes down, and the dusky mountains are wrapped up in shade. On the bosom of the wished-for earth we throw ourselves down by the waves, having distributed the oars by lot, and all along the dry beach we refresh our frames [with food]; sleep diffuses its dews over our weary limbs. Night, driven by the hours, had not yet reached her mid-way course, when Palinurus springs alert from his bed, examines every wind, and lends his ears to catch the breeze. He marks every star gliding in the silent sky, Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern Bears, and throws his eyes around Orion armed with gold. After having seen all appearances of settled weather in the serene sky, he gives the loud signal from the stern: we decamp, attempt our voyage, and expand the wings of our sails. And now the stars being chased away, blushing Aurora appeared,

when far off we espy the hills obscure, and lowly Italy. Italy! Achates first called aloud; Italy the crew with joyous acclamations hail. Then father Anchises decked a capacious bowl with a garland, and filled it up with wine; and invoked the gods, standing on the lofty stern: Ye gods who rule sea, and land, and storms, grant us a prosperous voyage by the wind, and breath propitious. The wished-for gales begin to swell; and now the port opens nearer to our view, and on a height appears the temple of Minerva. Our crew furl the sails, and turn about their prows to the shore. Where the wave breaks from the east, the port bends into an arch; the jutting cliffs foam with the briny spray; [the port] itself lies hidden: two turret-like rocks stretch out their arms in a double wall, and the temple recedes from the shore. Here, on the grassy meadow, I saw, as our first omen, four snow-white steeds grazing the plain at large. And father Anchises [calls out], War, O hospitable land, thou betokenest; for war steeds are harnessed; war these cattle threaten: but yet, the same quadrupeds having long been used to submit to the chariot, and in the yoke to bear the peaceful reins, there is hope, also, of peace, he says. Then we address our prayers to the sacred majesty of Pallas, with clashing arms arrayed, who first received us elated with joy; and before her altars we veiled our heads with a Phrygian veil; and according to the instructions of Helenus, on which he laid the greatest stress, in due form we offer up to Argive Juno the honors enjoined. Without delay, as soon as we had regularly fulfilled our vows, we turn about the extremities of our sail-yards, and quit the abodes and suspected territories of the sons of Greece. Next is seen the bay of Tarentum, sacred to Hercules, if report be true; and the Lacinian goddess rears herself opposite: the towers of Caulon [also appear], and Scylaceum infamous for shipwrecks. Then, far from the waves, is seen Trinacrian Aetna; and from a distance we hear the loud growling of the ocean, the beaten rocks, and the murmurs of breakers on the coast; the deep leaps up, and sands are mingled with the tide. And, [says] father Anchises, Doubtless this is the famed Charybdis;

these shelves, these hideous rocks Helenus foretold. Rescue us, my friends, and with equal ardor rise on your oars. They do no otherwise than bidden; and first Palinurus whirled about the creaking prow to the left waters. The whole crew, with oars and sails, bore to the left. We mount up to heaven on the arched gulf, and down again we settle to the shades below, the wave having retired. Thrice the rocks bellowed amid their hollow caverns; thrice we saw the foam dashed up, and the stars drenched with its dewy moisture. Meanwhile the wind with the sun forsook us spent with toil; and not knowing our course, we near the coasts of the Cyclopes.

The port itself is ample, and undisturbed by the access of the winds; but, near it, Aetna thunders with horrible ruins, and sometimes sends forth to the skies a black cloud, ascending in a pitchy whirlwind of smoke and glowing embers; throws up balls of flame, and kisses the stars; sometimes, belching, hurls forth rocks and the shattered bowels of the mountain, and with a rumbling noise wreaths aloft the molten rocks, and boils up from its lowest bottom. It is said that the body of Enceladus, half consumed with lightning, is pressed down by this pile, and that cumbrous Aetna, laid above him, spouts forth flames from its burst furnaces; and that, as often as he shifts his weary side, all Trinacria, with a groan, inly trembles, and overshades the heavens with smoke. Lying that night under covert of the woods, we suffer from those hideous prodigies; nor see what cause produced the sound. For neither was there the light of the stars, nor was the sky enlightened by the starry firmament, but gloom was over the dusky sky, and a night of extreme darkness muffled up the moon in clouds.

And now the next day with the first dawn was rising, and Aurora had dissipated the humid shades from the sky; when suddenly a strange figure of a man unknown to us, emaciated to the last degree, and in a lamentable plight, stalks from the woods, and with the air of a suppliant, stretches forth his hands to the shore. We look back: he was in horrid filth, his beard overgrown,

his garment tagged with thorns; but, in all beside, he was a Greek, and had formerly been sent to Troy accompanying the arms of his country. As soon as he descried our Trojan dress and arms, struck with terror at the sight, he paused awhile, and stopped his progress: a moment after, rushed headlong to the shore with tears and prayers. I conjure you, [says he,] by the stars, by the powers above, by this celestial light of life, ye Trojans, snatch me hence; convey me to any climes whatever, I shall be satisfied. It is true, I am one who belonged to the Grecian fleet, and, I confess, I bore arms against the walls of Troy: for which, if the demerit of my crime be so heinous, scatter my limbs on the waves, and bury them in the vast ocean. If I die, I shall have the satisfaction of dying by the hands of men. He had spoken, and clasping our knees, and wallowing [on the ground], he clung to our knees. We urge him to tell who he is, of what family born; and next to declare what fortune pursues him. My father Anchises frankly gives the youth his right hand, and reassures his mind by that kind pledge. At length, fear removed, he thus begins: I am a native of Ithaca; a companion of the unfortunate Ulysses, Achaemenides my name. I went to Troy, my father Adamastus being poor, but would that my state of life had remained as it was: Here, in the huge den of the Cyclops my unmindful companions deserted me, while in consternation they fled from his cruel abodes. It is an abode of gore and bloody banquets, gloomy within and vast; [the Cyclops] himself, of towering height, beats the stars on high, (ye gods, avert such a pest from the earth!) fiercely scowling in his aspect, and inaccessible to every mortal: he feeds on the entrails and purple blood of hapless wretches. I myself beheld, when, having grasped in his rapacious hand two of our number, as he lay stretched on his back in the middle of the cave, he dashed them against the stones, and the bespattered pavement floated with their blood: I beheld when he ground their members distilling black gore, and their tepid limbs quivered under his teeth. Not with impunity, it is true; such barbarity Ulysses suffered not [to pass unrevenged], nor was the prince of Ithaca forgetful of himself in that critical hour. For as soon as, glutted with his banquet, and buried in wine,

he reposed his reclined neck to rest, and lay at his enormous length along the cave, disgorging blood in his sleep, and bits of food intermixed with gory wine; we, having implored the great gods, and distributed our several parts by lot, pour in upon him on all hands at once, and with our pointed javelins bore out the huge single eye which was sunk under his lowering front, like a Grecian buckler, or the orb of Phoebus; and at length we joyfully avenge the manes of our friends. But flee, ah wretches! flee, and tear the cables from the shore. For such and so vast as Polyphemus [is, who] pens in his hollow cave the fleecy flocks, and drains their dugs, a hundred other direful Cyclopes commonly haunt these winding shores, and roam on the lofty mountains. The horns of the moon are now filling up with light for the third time, while in these woods, among the desert dens and holds of wild beasts, I linger out my life, and descry from the rock the vast Cyclopes, and quake at the sound of their feet and voice. The berries and the stony cornels, which the branches supply, form my wretched sustenance, and the herbs feed me with their plucked-up roots. Casting my eyes around on every object, this fleet I espied first steering to the shore; to it I was resolved to give up myself, whatever it had been; it suffices me that I have escaped from that horrid crew. Do you rather destroy this life by any sort of death.

Scarcely had he spoken this, when on the summit of the mountain we observe the shepherd Polyphemus himself, stalking with his enormous bulk among his flocks, and seeking the shore, his usual haunt; a horrible monster, misshapen, vast, of sight deprived. The trunk of a pine guides his hand, and makes firm his steps; his fleecy sheep accompany him; this is his sole delight, and the solace of his distresses. After he touched the deep floods, and arrived at the sea, he therewith washes away the trickling gore from his quenched orb, gnashing his teeth with a groan: and now he stalks through the midst of the sea, while the waves have not yet wetted his gigantic sides.

We, in consternation, hasten our flight far from that shore, having received our suppliant, who thus merited our favor; we silently cut the cable, and bending forward, sweep the sea with struggling oars. He perceived, and at the sound turned his steps. But when no opportunity is afforded him to reach us with his eager grasp, and he is unable in pursuing us to equal the Ionian waves, he raises a prodigious yell, wherewith the sea and every wave deeply trembled, and Italy, to its utmost bounds, was affrighted, and Aetna bellowed through its winding caverns. Meanwhile the race of the Cyclopes, roused from the woods and lofty mountains, rush to the port, and crowd the shore. We perceive the Aetnean brothers, standing side by side in vain, with lowering eye, bearing their heads aloft to heaven; a horrid assembly: as when ærial oaks, or cone-bearing cypresses, Jove's lofty wood, or Diana's grove, together rear their towering tops. Sharp fear impels our crew to tack about to any quarter whatever, and spread their sails to any favorable wind. On the other hand, the commands of Helenus warn them not to continue their course between Scylla and Charybdis, a path which borders on death on either hand: our resolution [therefore] is, to sail backward. And lo! the north-wind sent from the narrow seat of Pelorus comes to our aid. I am wafted beyond the mouth of Pantagia, formed of natural rock, the bay of Megara, and low-lying Tapsus. These Achaemenides, the associate of accursed Ulysses, pointed out to us, as backward he cruised along the scenes of his wanderings.

Before the Sicilian bay outstretched lies an island opposite to rough Plemyrion; the ancients called its name Ortygia. It is said, that Alpheus, a river of Elis, hath hither worked a secret channel under the sea; which by thy mouth, O Arethusa, is now blended with the Sicilian waves. We venerate the great divinities of the place, as commanded; and thence I pass the too luxuriant soil of the overflowing Helorus. Hence we skim along the high cliffs and prominent rocks of Pachynus; and at a distance appears Camarina, by fate forbidden to be ever removed; the Geloian plains

and huge Gela, called by the name of the river. Next lofty Acragas shows from far its stately walls, once the breeder of generous steeds. And thee, Selinus, fruitful in palms, I leave, by means of the given winds; and I trace my way through the shallows of Lilybeum, dangerous through its hidden rocks. Hence the port and joyless coast of Drepanum receive me. Here, alas! after being tossed by so many storms at sea, I lose my sire Anchises, my solace in every care and suffering. Here thou, best of fathers, whom in vain, alas! I saved from so great dangers, forsakest me spent with toils. Neither prophetic Helenus, when he gave me many fearful warnings, nor dire Celaeno, predicted to me this mournful stroke. This was my finishing disaster, this the termination of my long tedious voyage. Parting hence, a god directed me to your coasts.

Thus father Aeneas, while all sat attentive, alone recounted the destiny allotted to him by the gods, and gave a history of his voyage. He ceased at length, and, having here finished his relation, rested.

BOOK FOURTH.

SYNOPSIS.

THE LOVE OF DIDO AND HER END.

IN this book we have an account of the love of Dido for Aeneas and her conference with Anna, her sister, in regard to it. Juno perceives her passion and conceives a plan of union between them. To accomplish this the more easily she tries to bring Venus over to her views.

Meanwhile Aeneas and Dido prepare to go on a hunting party; and in the midst of the chase, Juno raises a violent tempest. Shelter is sought wherever it can be found. By a device of Juno, Aeneas and Dido repair to the same cave, in which the goddess consecrates the nuptials.

Fame at once circulates the news, until it reaches the ears of Iarbas who had offered himself in marriage to Dido, but had been rejected. Hearing of her marriage to a stranger, he was filled with rage, mingled with grief. He complains to his father, who, pitying him, sends Mercury to dissolve the marriage tie and order Aeneas to leave Carthage.

Aeneas, in obedience to his commands, privately prepares to set sail. When Dido perceives his movements, she tries to dissuade him from his intention, but with no effect.

On being warned a second time, he quickly sets sail, while the love-sick queen sees him leaving her coast. This, of course, wrung her soul with agony and drew from her lips the most severe reproofs and bitter imprecations. She calls upon her people to revenge the injury that had been done her and to follow his descendants with irreconcilable hatred. She then orders a funeral pile to be erected, which she ascends, and with her own hand ends her existence.

THE
AENEID
OF
P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK IV.

BUT the queen, long since pierced with painful care, feeds the wound in her veins, and is consumed by unseen flames. The many virtues of the hero, the many honors of his race, recur to her thoughts: his looks and words dwell fixed in her soul: nor does care allow calm rest to her limbs. Returning Aurora now illuminated the earth with the lamp of Phoebus, and had chased away the dewy shades from the sky, when she, half-frenzied, thus addresses her sympathizing sister: Sister Anna, what dreams terrify and distract my mind! What think you of this wondrous guest who has come to our abodes? In mien how graceful he appears! in manly fortitude and warlike deeds how great! I am fully persuaded (nor is my belief groundless) that he is the offspring of the gods. Fear argues a degenerate mind. Ah! by what fatal disasters has he been tossed! what toils of war he sang, endured to the last! Had I not been fixed and steadfast in my resolution, never to join myself to any in the bonds of wedlock, since my first love by death mocked and disappointed me; had I not been thoroughly tired of the marriage-bed and nuptial torch, to this one frailty I might perhaps give way! Anna (for I will own it), since the decease of my unhappy spouse Sichaeus, and since the household gods were stained with his blood shed by a brother, this [stranger] alone has warped my inclinations, and interested my wavering mind: I recognize the symptoms of my former flame.

But sooner may earth from her lowest depths yawn for me, or the almighty Sire hurl me by his thunder to the shades, the pale shades of Erebus and deep night, than I violate thee, modesty, or break thy laws. He who first linked me to himself hath borne away my affection; may he possess it still, and retain it in his grave. This said, she filled her bosom with trickling tears.

Anna replies: O dearer to your sister than the light, will you thus in mournful solitude waste your bloom of youth, nor know the dear delights of children, nor the rewards of love? Think you that ashes and the buried dead care for that? What though no lovers moved you before, when your sorrows were green, either in Libya, or before in Tyre? though Iarbas was slighted, and other princes whom Africa, fertile in triumphs, maintains? Will you also resist a flame which you approve? Will you not reflect in whose country you now reside? Here the Getulian cities, a race invincible in war, unrestrained Numidians, and inhospitable quicksands, inclose you round; there, a region by thirst turned into a desert, and the wide-raging Barcaeans. Why should I mention the kindling wars from Tyre, and the menaces of your brother? It was surely, I think, under the auspices of the gods, and by the favor of Juno, that the Trojan ships steered their course to this our coast. O sister, how flourishing shall you see this city, how potent your kingdom rise from such a match! By what high exploits shall the Carthaginian glory be advanced, when the arms of the Trojans join them! Do thou but supplicate the favor of the gods, and, having performed propitiating rites, indulge in hospitality, and devise one pretense after another for detaining [your guest,] while winter's fury rages on the sea, and Orion charged with rain; while his ships are shattered, and the sky is inclement.

By this speech she fanned the fire of love kindled in Dido's breast, buoyed up her wavering mind with hope, and banished her scruples. First to the temples they repair, and by sacrifice the peace of heaven implore: to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phoebus, and to father Bacchus, they offer ewes of the age of two years, according to custom;

above all to Juno, whose province is the nuptial tie. Dido herself, in all her beauty, holding in her right hand the cup, pours it between the horns of a white heifer: or before the images of the gods in solemn pomp around the rich-loaded altars walks, renews one offering after another all the day long, and, gaping over the disclosed breasts of the victims, consults their panting entrails. Alas! how ignorant the minds of seers! what can prayers, what can temples, avail a raging lover? The gentle flame preys all the while upon her vitals, and the secret wound rankles in her breast. Unhappy Dido burns, and frantic roves over all the town; like a wounded deer, whom, off her guard, a shepherd pursuing with his darts has pierced at a distance among the Cretan woods, and unknowingly [in the wound] hath left the winged steel: she flying bounds over the Dictæan woods and glades: the fatal shaft sticks in her side. Now she conducts Aeneas through the midst of her fortifications; shows him both the treasures brought from Tyre, and her new city: she begins to speak, and stops short in the middle of a word. When day declines, she longs to have the same banquets renewed; and, fond even to madness, begs again to hear the Trojan disasters, and again hangs on the speaker's lips. Now, when they had severally retired, while the fading moon in her alternate course withdraws her light, and the setting stars invite sleep, she mourns alone in the desert hall, presses the couch which he had left, and in fancy hears and sees the absent hero; or, captivated with her father's image, hugs Ascanius in her bosom, if possibly she may divert her unutterable love. The towers which were begun cease to rise; her youth practice not their warlike exercises, nor prepare ports or safe bulwarks for war; the works and the huge battlements on the walls, and the engines that mate the skies, are discontinued.

Whom when Jove's beloved wife perceived to be thus possessed with the blighting passion, and that even sense of honor could not resist its rage, Saturnia thus artfully addresses Venus: Distinguished praise, no doubt, and ample spoils, you and your boy carry off, great and signal renown,

if one woman is overcome by the wiles of two deities. Nor am I quite ignorant, that you apprehend danger from our walls, and view the structures of lofty Carthage with a jealous eye. But where will all this end? or what do we now propose by such hot contention? Why do not we rather promote an eternal peace, and nuptial contract? You have your whole soul's desire, Dido burns with love, and has sucked the fury into her very bones. Let us therefore rule this people in common, and under equal sway; let Dido be at liberty to bind herself in wedlock to a Trojan lord, and into thy hand deliver over the Tyrians by way of dowry.

To whom Venus (for she perceived that she spoke with an insincere mind, with a design to transfer the seat of empire from Italy to the Libyan coasts) thus in her turn began: Who can be so mad as to reject these terms, and rather choose to engage in war with you, would fortune but concur with the scheme which you mention? But I am driven to an uncertainty by the Fates [not knowing] whether it be the will of Jupiter that the Tyrians and Trojans should dwell in one city, or if he will approve the union of the two nations, and the joining of alliance. You are his consort: to you it belongs by entreaty to work upon his mind. Lead you the way; I will follow. Then imperial Juno thus replied: That task shall be mine: meanwhile (mark my words) I will briefly show by what means our present design may be accomplished. Aeneas and most unhappy Dido are preparing to hunt together in the forest, soon as to-morrow's sun shall have brought forth the early dawn, and enlightened the world with his beams. While the [bright-hued] plumage flutters, and they inclose the thickets with toils, I will pour on them from above a blackening storm of rain with mingled hail, and with peals of thunder make heaven's whole frame to shake. Their retinue shall fly different ways, and be covered with a dark night [of clouds]. Dido and the Trojan prince shall repair to the same cave: there will I be present, and, if I have your firm consent, I will join them in the lasting bonds of wedlock, and consecrate her to be his forever. The god of marriage shall be there. Venus, without any opposition, agreed to her proposal, and smiled at the fraud she discovered.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the ocean.

Soon as the beams of day shot forth, the chosen youth issue through the gates: the fine nets, the toils, the broad-pointed hunting spears, the Massylian horsemen, and a pack of quick-scented hounds, pour forth together. Before the palace gate the Carthaginian nobles await the queen lingering in her alcove: her steed, richly caparisoned with purple and gold, ready stands, and fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length she comes attended by a numerous retinue, attired in a Sidonian chlamys with embroidered border: she has a quiver of gold; her tresses are tied in a golden knot; a golden buckle binds up her purple robe. The Trojan youth, too, and sprightly Iulus, accompany the procession. (Aeneas himself, distinguished in beauty above all the rest mingles with the retinue, and adds his train to hers: as when Apollo, leaving Lycia, his winter seat, and the streams of Xanthus, revisits his mother's island Delos, and renews the dances: the Cretans, Dryopes, and painted Agathyrsi, mingle their acclamations around his altars: he himself moves majestic on Cynthus' top, and adjusting his waving hair, crowns it with a soft wreath, and infolds it in gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. With no less active grace Aeneas moved; such comeliness shines forth in his matchless mien. Soon as they reached the high mountains, and pathless lairs, lo! from the summit of the craggy cliff the wild goats dislodged skip down the rocks: on the other side the stags scour along the open plains, and gather together in flight their dust-covered squadrons, and forsake the mountains. But the boy Ascanius delights in his sprightly courser through the inclosed vales; and now these, now those he outrides, and devoutly wishes that a foaming boar would cross his way amid the feeble flocks, or a tawny lion descend from the mountain.

Meanwhile the air begins to be disturbed with loud murmurings; a deluge of rain with mingled hail succeeds. And here and there the Tyrian train, the Trojan youth, and Venus' grandchild of Dardanian line, for fear sought different shelters through the fields. Whole rivers from the mountains come pouring down. Dido and the Trojan prince repair to the same cave.

[Then] first the Earth, and Juno who presides over marriage, gave the signal: lightnings flashed, the sky was a witness to the alliance, and the nymphs were heard to shriek on the mountain tops. That day first proved the source of death, the source of woes: for [now] Dido is neither influenced by appearance or character, nor is she now studious to carry on clandestine love: she calls it marriage: she veils her guilt under that name.

Forthwith Fame through the populous city of Libya runs: Fame, than whom no pest is more swift, by exerting her agility grows more active, and acquires strength on her way: small at first through fear; soon she shoots up into the skies, and stalks along the ground, while she hides her head among the clouds. Parent Earth, enraged by the vengeance of the gods, produced her the youngest sister, it is said of Coeus, and Enceladus, swift to move with feet and persevering wings: a monster hideous, immense; who (wondrous to relate!) for as many plumes as are in her body, numbers so many wakeful eyes beneath, so many tongues, so many babbling mouths, pricks up so many listening ears. By night, through the mid region of the sky, and through the shades of earth, she flies buzzing nor inclines her eyes to balmy rest. Watchful by day, she perches either on some high housetop, or on lofty turrets, and fills mighty cities with dismay; as obstinately bent on falsehood and iniquity as on reporting truth. She then, delighted, with various rumors filled the people's ear, and uttered facts and fictions indifferently; [namely], that Aeneas, sprung from Trojan blood, had arrived, whom Dido, with all her charms, vouchsafed to wed; that now in reveling with each other they enjoyed the winter, throughout its length, unmindful of their kingdoms, and enslaved by a base passion. With such news the foul goddess fills the mouths of the people. To king Iarbas straight she turns her course; inflames his soul by her rumors, and aggravates his rage.

This Iarbus, the son of Ammon by the ravished nymph Garamantis, raised to Jove a hundred lofty temples within his extensive realms,

a hundred altars; and there had he consecrated the wakeful fire, with a sacred watch to keep eternal guard, a piece of ground, fattened with victims' blood, and the gates adorned with wreaths of various flowers. He, maddened in soul, and inflamed by the bitter tidings, is said, before the altars, amid the very presence of the gods, to have [thus] importunately addressed Jupiter in suppliant form with uplifted hands: Almighty Jove, to whom the Maurusian race, that feast on painted couches, now honor thee with a libation of wine, seest thou these things? or do we vainly dread thee, when thou, O father! dartest thy thunder-bolts? and are those lightnings in the clouds that terrify our minds blind and fortuitous, and do they mingle mere idle sounds? A wandering woman, who hath built in our dominions a small city [on a spot] she purchased; to whom we assigned a tract of shore for tillage, and upon whom we imposed the laws of the country, hath rejected our proffered match, and hath taken Aeneas into her kingdom for her lord: and now this other Paris, with his unmanly train, bound under the chin with a Lydian cap, and with his locks bedewed [with odors], enjoys the ravished prize: [this we have deserved forsooth,] because we bring offerings to thy temples, and cherish an idle glory.

While in such terms he addressed his prayer, and grasped the altar, the almighty heard, and turned his eyes toward the royal towers [of Carthage], and the lovers regardless of their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him these instructions: Fly quick, my son, call the zephyrs, and on thy pinions glide: and to the Trojan prince, who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage, nor regards the cities allotted him by the Fates, address yourself; and bear [this] my message swiftly through the skies. Not such a one did his fairest mother promise us, nor was it for this she saved him twice from the Grecian sword: but that he should be one who should rule Italy, big with [future] empire, and fierce in war, who should evince his descent from Teucer's noble blood, and bring the whole world under his sway. If he is not fired by the glory of such deeds, nor will himself attempt any laborious enterprise for his own renown, will he, the father, envy Ascanius Rome's imperial towers? What does he propose? or with what prospect lingers he so long among an unfriendly race,

nor regards his Ausonian offspring, and Lavinian fields?
Bid him set sail. No more: be this our message.

He said: Mercury prepared to obey his mighty father's will; and first to his feet he binds his golden sandals, which by their wings waft him aloft, whether over sea or land, swift as the rapid gales. Next he takes his wand; with this he calls from hell the pale ghosts, dispatches others down to sad Tartarus, gives sleep or takes it away, and unseals the eyes from death. Aided by this, he drives along the winds, and breasts the troubled clouds. And now in his flight he espies the top and lofty sides of hardy Atlas, who with his summit supports the sky; Atlas, whose head, crowned with pines, is always encircled with black clouds, and lashed by wind and rain: large sheets of snow enwrap his shoulders; from the chin of the old man torrents headlong roll, and his grizzly beard is stiff with icicles. Here first Cyllenius, poising himself on even wings, alighted; hence with the weight of his whole body he flings himself headlong to the floods; like the fowl, which [hovering] about the shores, about the fishy rocks, flies low near the surface of the seas: just so Maia's son, shooting down from his maternal grandsire between heaven and earth, [skimmed along] the sandy shore of Libya, and cut the winds.

As soon as he touched the cottages [of Africa] with his winged feet, he views Aeneas founding towers and raising new structures; and at his side he wore a sword studded with yellow jasper, and a cloak hanging down from his shoulders, glowed with Tyrian purple: presents which wealthy Dido had given, and had interwoven the stuff with threads of gold. Forthwith he accosts him: Is it for you now to be laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and the fond slave of a wife, be raising a city [for her], regardless, alas! of your kingdom and nearest concerns? The sovereign of the gods, who governs heaven and earth by his nod, himself sends me down to you from bright Olympus. The same commanded me to bear these his instructions swiftly through the air.

What dost thou propose, with what prospect dost thou waste thy peaceful hours in the territories of Libya? If no glory from such deeds move thee, and thou wilt attempt no laborious enterprise for thy own renown; have some regard [at least] to the rising Ascanius, and the hopes of thine heir Iulus, for whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman territories are destined. When Cyllenius had spoken thus, he left mortal vision in the very midst of the conference, and far beyond sight vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile Aeneas, entranced by the vision, was struck dumb; his hair with horror stood erect, and his tongue cleaved to his jaws. He burns to be gone in flight, and leave the darling land, awed by the message and dread command of the gods. Ah! what can he do? in what terms can he now presume to solicit the consent of the raving queen? With what words shall he introduce the subject? And now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and roams uncertain through all. Thus fluctuating, he fixed on this resolution as the best: he calls to him Mnestheus, Sergestus, and the brave Cloanthus; [and bids them] with silent care equip the fleet, summon their social bands to the shore, prepare their arms, and artfully conceal the cause of this sudden change: [adding,] that he himself, in the mean time, while generous Dido was in ignorance, and had no apprehension that their so great loves could be dissolved, would try the avenues [to her heart], what may be the softest moments of address, what means might be most favorable to their design. With joyful speed they all obey the commands, and put his orders in execution.

But the queen (who can deceive a lover?) was beforehand in perceiving the fraud, and the first who conjectured their future motions, dreading even where all seemed to be safe; the same malignant Fame conveyed the news to her frantic that the fleet was being equipped, and preparing to set sail. She rages even to madness, and inflamed, she wildly roams through all the city; like a Bacchanal wrought up into enthusiastic fury in celebrating the sacred [mysteries of her god], when the triennial orgies stimulate her, at hearing the name of Bacchus, and the nocturnal howlings on Mount Citheron invite her. At length, in these words she first accosts Aeneas:

And didst thou hope, too, perfidious one, to be able to conceal from me so wicked a purpose, and to steal away in silence from my coasts? Can neither our love, nor thy once plighted faith, nor Dido resolved to die by a cruel death, detain thee? Nay, you prepare your fleet even in the wintry season, and haste to launch into the deep amid northern blasts! Cruel one! suppose you were not bound for a foreign land and settlements unknown, and old Troy was still remaining; should you set sail for Troy on this tempestuous sea? Wilt thou flee from me? By these tears, by that right hand (since I have left nothing else to myself now, a wretch forlorn), by our nuptial rites, by our conjugal loves begun; if I have deserved any thanks at thy hand, or if ever you saw any charms in me, take pity, I implore thee, on a falling race, and, if yet there is any room for prayers, lay aside your resolution. For thy sake have I incurred the hatred of the Libyan nations, of the Numidian princes, and made the Tyrians my enemies; for thy sake have I sacrificed my shame, and, what alone raised me to the stars, my former fame: to whom dost thou abandon Dido, soon about to die, my guest! since, instead of a husband's name, only this remains? What wait I for? is it till my brother Pygmalion lay this city of mine in ashes, or Iarbas, the Getulian, carry me away his captive? Had I but enjoyed offspring by thee before thy flight; did a young Aeneas play in my hall, were it but to give me thy image in his features, I should not indeed have thought myself quite a captive and forlorn.

She said. He, by the commands of Jove, held his eyes unmoved, and with hard struggles suppressed the anxious care in his heart. At length he briefly replies, That you, O queen, have laid on me numerous obligations, which you may recount at large, I never shall disown; and I shall always remember Elisa with pleasure, while I have any remembrance of myself, while I have a soul to actuate these limbs. But to the point in debate I shall briefly speak: believe me, I neither thought by stealth to have concealed this my flight, nor did I ever pretend a lawful union, or enter into such a contract. Had the Fates left me free to conduct my life by my own direction,

and ease my cares according to my own choice, my first regards had been shown to Troy and the dear relics of my country; Priam's lofty palace should [now] remain, and with this hand I would have repaired for the conquered the walls of Pergamus, raised again from ruin. But now to great Italy Grynæan Apollo, to Italy the Lycian oracles have commanded me to repair. This is the object of my love, this my country. If the towers of Carthage and the sight of a Libyan city engross you, a Phœnician born, why should you be dissatisfied that we Trojans settle in the land of Ausonia? Let us too have the privilege to go in quest of foreign realms. Whenever the night overspreads the earth with humid shades, as often as the fiery stars arise, the troubled ghost of my father Anchises visits me in my dreams, and with dreadful summons urges [my departure]: my son Ascanius [calls] me [hence], and the injury done to one so dear, whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown, and his destined dominions. Now also the messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself, (I call them both to witness!) swift gliding through the air, bore to me his high commands: myself beheld the god in conspicuous brightness entering your walls, and with these ears I received his voice. Cease to torment yourself and me by your complaints: the Italian coasts I pursue, not out of choice.

Thus while he speaks, she views him all along from the beginning with averted looks, rolling her eyes hither and thither, and with silent glances surveys his whole person, then thus inflamed with wrath breaks forth: Nor goddess gave thee birth, perfidious one! nor is Dardanus the founder of thy race, but frightful Caucasus on flinty cliffs brought thee forth, and Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. For why should I dissemble? or for what greater injuries can I be reserved? Did he so much as sigh at my distress? did he once move his eyes? Did he, overcome, shed a tear, or compassionate me in my love? Where shall I begin my complaint? Now neither mighty Juno nor the Saturnian sire, considers these things with impartial eyes. Firm faith nowhere subsists. An outcast on my shores, an indigent wretch, I received him, and fool that I was, settled him in partnership of my crown; his wrecked fleet [I renewed], his companions from death I saved. Ah! I am all on fire, I am distracted with fury! "Now the prophetic voice of Apollo;

now the Lycian lots; and now the messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself, through the air conveys the horrid mandate." A worthy employment, forsooth, for the powers above, a weighty concern to disturb them in their peaceful state! I neither detain you, nor argue against what you have said. Go, speed your way for Italy with the winds, pursue this kingdom of yours, over the waves. I hope, however (if the just gods have any power), thou mayest suffer punishment amid the rocks, and often [vainly] call on Dido's name. I, though absent, will pursue thee with black flames: and, when cold death shall have separated these limbs from my soul, as a shade will I haunt thee in every place: Wretch! thou shalt make atonement: I shall hear it; even in the deep shades these tidings will reach me. With these words she breaks off in the middle of the conference, and sickening shuns the light: she turns about, and flings away out of his sight, leaving him greatly perplexed through fear, and preparing to say a thousand things. Her maids raise her up, bear her fainting limbs into her marble bed-chamber, and gently lay her on a couch.

Meanwhile pious Aeneas, though by solacing means he desires to ease her grief, and by words to divert her anguish, heaving many a sigh, and staggered in his mind by mighty love, yet gives obedience to the commands of the gods, and revisits his fleet. Then, indeed, the Trojans intensely ply their work, and launch the ships all along the shore. The pitchy keel floats; through eager haste to sail, they bring from the woods oars not cleared of leaves, and unfashioned timber. One might have seen them removing, and pouring from all quarters of the town, as when ants, mindful of winter, plunder a large granary of corn and hoard it up in their cell; the black battalion marches over the plains, and along the narrow track they convey their booty through the meadows; some, shoving with their shoulders, push forward the cumbrous grain; some rally the [straggling] bands, and chastise those that lag: the path all glows with the work.

Dido, how wast thou then affected with so sad a prospect? What groans didst thou utter, when from thy lofty tower thou beheldest the shore in its wide extent glowing [with bustle], and didst also observe, full in thy view, the whole watery plain resounding with such mingled shouts?

Unrelenting love, how irresistible is thy sway over the mind of mortals! She is constrained once more to have recourse to tears, once more to assail him by prayers, and suppliant to subject the powers of her soul to love, lest, by leaving any means unattempted, she should throw away her life rashly, and without cause.

Anna, seest thou over all the shore how they are hastening? The whole bands are drawn together, the canvas now invites the gales; and the joyful mariners have crowned their sterns with garlands. O sister, since I was able to foresee this so sad a blow, I shall be able to bear it. Yet, Anna, perform this one request for your wretched sister: for that perfidious man made you the sole object of his esteem, even intrusted you with the secrets of his soul, you alone knew the occasions and soft approaches to his heart. Go, sister, and in suppliant terms bespeak the haughty foe: I never conspired with the Greeks at Aulis to extirpate the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Troy; nor did I disturb the ashes and manes of his father Anchises. Why does he stop his unrelenting ears to my words? whither does he fly? Let him grant but this last favor to his unhappy lover; to defer his flight till it be safe, and till the winds blow fair. I plead no more for that old-promised wedlock, which he has betrayed; nor that he should deprive himself of fair Latium, and relinquish a kingdom. I ask a trifling moment; a respite and interval from distracting pain, till, subdued by fortune, I learn to sustain my woes. This favor I implore as the last, (pity thy sister!) which, when he has granted, I shall send him away completely happy in my death.

To this effect she prayed; and her sister, deeply distressed, bears once and again this mournful message to Aeneas; but by none of her mournful messages is he moved, nor listens with calm regard to any words. The Fates stand in his way; and heaven renders his ears deaf to compassion. And as the Alpine north winds by their blasts, now on this side, now on that, strive with joint force to overturn a sturdy ancient oak: a loud howling goes forth, and the leaves strew the ground in heaps, while the trunk is shaken; the tree itself cleaves fast to the rocks; and as high as it shoots up to the top in the ethereal regions, so deep it descends with its root toward Tartarus:

BOOK FIFTH.

SYNOPSIS.

THE GAMES OF THE FLEET.

IN the opening lines of this book we have an account of the departure of Aeneas from Carthage. Shortly after, a violent storm arises and he is forced to direct his course to Sicily. He enters the port of Drepanum, where he is cordially received by king Acestes. After sacrificing and celebrating the anniversary of his father's death, he institutes four kinds of games in his honor. Meanwhile the Trojan women, instigated by Iris (whom Juno had sent for that purpose) fired the ships, hoping thereby to end the voyage of which they had become weary. Jupiter, upon Aeneas' entreaty, sent a heavy shower of rain, which extinguished the flames. Four of the ships, however, were destroyed.

Thereupon, Nautes advises Aeneas to leave the aged and those who were weary of the voyage, in Sicily. This, the ghost of Anchises, which appeared to him in a vision on the following night, confirmed. He was also directed to visit the Sibyl of Cumae, who would conduct him to the lower regions, where he would be more fully informed as to his own fortune and that of his race.

This advice the hero followed; and after having founded a city which he called Acestes, he sailed for Italy.

Not long afterward he lost Palinurus, the pilot of his ship, who fell overboard in his sleep.

THE
AENEID

OF

P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK V.

MEANWHILE, Aeneas, in direct course, was now fairly on his route with the fleet, and was cutting the black billows before the wind, looking back to the walls which now glare with the flames of unfortunate Elisa. What cause may have kindled such a blaze is unknown; but the thought of those cruel agonies that arise from violent love when injured, and the knowledge of what a frantic woman can do, led the minds of the Trojans through dismal forebodings.

As soon as their ships held the main, and no more land appears, sky all around, and ocean all around; a dark lead-colored watery cloud stood over his head, bringing on night, and storm; and the waves became horrid in the gloom. The pilot Palinurus himself from the lofty stern [exclaims]: Ah! why have such threatening clouds begirt the sky? or what, O father Neptune, hast thou in view? Thus having spoken, he next commands to furl the sails, and ply the sturdy oar; the bellying canvas he turns askance to the wind, and thus speaks: Magnanimous Aeneas, should Jupiter on his authority assure me, I could not hope to reach Italy in this weather. The winds changed roar across our path, and arise thick from the darkening west, and the air is condensed into cloud. We are neither able to make head against [the storm], nor even to withstand it: since fortune overpowers us, let us follow her,

and turn our course where she invites us: the trusty shores of your brother Eryx, and the Sicilian ports, I deem not far off, if I but rightly remembering review the stars I observed before. Then the pious Aeneas [said], I indeed have observed long ago that the winds urge us to this, and that your contrary efforts are in vain. Shift your course by the sails. Can any land be more welcome to me, or where I would sooner choose to put in my weather-beaten ships, than that which preserves for me Trojan Acestes, and in its bosom incloses the bones of my father Anchises? This said, they make toward the port, and the prosperous zephyrs stretch the sails: the fleet swiftly rides on the flood; and at length the joyous crew are wafted to the well-known strand.

But Acestes, from a mountain's lofty summit, struck with the distant prospect of their arrival, and at the friendly ships, comes up to them, all rough with javelins, and the hide of an African bear: whom, begotten by the river Crimisus, a Trojan mother bore. He, not unmindful of his origin, congratulates them on their safe arrival, and cheerfully entertains them with rude magnificence, and refreshes them fatigued with friendly cheer.

When with the early dawn the ensuing bright day had chased away the stars, Aeneas summons to council his followers from all the shore, and from the summit of a rising ground addresses them: Illustrious Trojans, whose descent is from the exalted blood of the gods, the annual circle is completed by the fulfillment of months, since we lodged in the earth the relics and bones of my godlike sire, and consecrated to him the altars of mourning. And now the day, if I mistake not, is at hand, which I shall always account a day of sorrow, always a day to be honored: such, ye gods, has been your pleasure. Were I to pass this day in exile among the Syrtes of Getulia, or overtaken [by it] on the Grecian Sea, or in the city of Mycene, yet would I regularly perform my annual vows, and the solemn funeral processions, and heap the altars with their proper offerings. Now, without premeditated design, though not, I judge, without the will or the influence of the gods, we are come to the ashes and bones of my own father, and are wafted to the friendly port which we are now entering.

Come then, and let us all celebrate the joyous rites. Let us pray for [prosperous] winds, and that, when our city is built, he will permit me to offer to him these rites annually in temples consecrated to his honor. Acestes, a son of Troy, gives you two oxen for each ship: invite to the feast your household and country gods, and those whom our host Acestes worships. Further, if the ninth morning shall bring forth the day fair and serene to mortals, and brighten up the world with its beams, I will propose to the Trojans the first trial of skill to be with the swiftest of their ships. And whoever excels in running, in strength who boldly dares, or moves superior in the javelin, and the light arrows, or who has courage to encounter with the bloody cestus; let all such be ready at hand, and expect prizes of victory suitable to their merit. Do ye all keep religious guard over your lips, and encircle your temples with boughs.

This said, he crowns his temples with his mother's myrtle. The same does Elymus: the same Acestes ripened in years; the same the boy Ascanius, whose example the other youths follow. He went from the assembly to the tomb with many thousands, in the center of a numerous retinue attending. Here in due form, by way of libation, he pours on the ground to Bacchus two bowls of wine, two of new milk, two of sacred blood; then scatters blooming flowers, and thus speaks: Hail, holy sire! once more hail, ye ashes revisited in vain! ye ghosts and shades of my father! Heaven would not allow us to go together in quest of the bounds of Italy, and of the lands allotted to me by fate, or the Ausonian Tiber, whatever river that is. He said; when from the bottom of the shrine a huge slippery snake trailed along, seven circling spires, seven folds, gently twining round the tomb, and gliding over the altars; whose back azure streaks, and whose scales drops of burnished gold brightened up; as the bow in the clouds draws a thousands various colors from the opposite sun. Aeneas stood amazed at the sight. At length the reptile, creeping with his long train between the bowls and smooth-polished goblets, gently tasted the banquet, and harmless retired again into the bottom of the tomb, and left the altars on which he had fed.

Aeneas with the more zeal pursues the sacrifice begun in honor of his father, in doubt whether to think it the genius of the place, or the attendant of his parent. He sacrificed two ewes, two years old, according to custom; as many sows, as many bullocks with sable backs: and he poured out wine from the goblets, and invoked the soul of the great Anchises, and his ghost from Acheron released. In like manner his companions offer gifts with joy, each according to his ability; they load the altars, and sacrifice bullocks. Others place the brazen caldrons in order, and stretched along the grass, apply burning coals under the spits, and roast the flesh.

Now the wished-for day approached, and the steeds of the sun ushering in the ninth morning with a serene sky; fame, and the renown of illustrious Acestes, had drawn together the neighborhood. They filled the shore with joyous crowd, some to see the Trojans, some too prepared to try their skill. The prizes first are set before their eyes in the midst of the circus; sacred tripods, green garlands, and palms, the reward of the conquerors; arms, and vestments of purple dye, two talents, one of gold and one silver: and the trumpet from the midst of the rising ground gives the signal that the games are begun.

Four ships selected from the whole fleet, equally matched with ponderous oars, first enter the lists. Mnestheus manages the swift-sailing *Pristis*, with stout rowers, [destined] soon [to be] the Italian *Mnestheus*, from which name the family of *Memmius* is derived; *Gyas*, the huge *Chimera* of stupendous bulk, a work like a city, which with a triple tier the Trojan youth impel; the oars rise together in a triple row. *Sergestus*, from whom the *Sergian* family has its name, rides in the bulky *Centaur*; and *Cloanthus* in the sea-green *Scylla*, from whom, O Roman *Cluentius*, is thy descent.

Far in the sea there lies a rock opposite to the foaming shore, which sometimes overwhelmed is buffeted by the swelling surges, when the wintry north-west winds overcloud the stars: in a calm it lies hushed, and rises above the still waves as a plain,

and a delightful station for the cormorants basking in the sun. Here father Aeneas erected a verdant goal of branching oak for a signal to the mariners; whence they might know to turn back, and whence to wind about the long circuits. Then they choose their places by lot; and on the poops the leaders themselves, adorned with gold and purple, shine from afar with distinguished luster. The rest of the youth are crowned with poplar wreaths, and glitter, having their naked shoulders besmeared with oil. They sit down side by side on the benches, and their arms are stretched to the oars: with eager attention they wait the signal, and their throbbing hearts beat heavily with the impulse of fear, and the generous thirst of praise. Then, as soon as the loud trumpet gave the signal, all (there is no delay) started from their barrier: the seamen's clamor strikes the skies; and the seas, upturned by their in-bent arms, foam. At once they plow the watery furrows; and the whole deep opens, convulsed with oars and trident beaks. Not with such violent speed the coursers in the two-yoked chariot-race spring to the field, and start with full career from the goal; nor with such ardor do the charioteers shake the waving reins over the flying steeds, and, bending forward, hang to [give] the lash. Then, with the applause and uproar of the seamen, and the eager acclamations of the favoring crowd, every grove resounds: the bounded shores roll the voices on; the lashed hills re-echo the sound. Amid the bustle and uproar, Gyas flies out before the rest, and scuds away the foremost on the waves: whom next Cloanthus follows, a more skillful rower, but the vessel, sluggish through its bulk, retards him. After these, at equal distance, the Pristis and Centaur strive to gain the foremost place. And now the Pristis has the advantage, now the huge Centaur gets before her vanquished [antagonist]; anon both advance together with united fronts, and with their long keels plow the briny waves. And now they were approaching the rock, and had reached the goal, when Gyas the foremost, and [hitherto] victorious, thus in mid-sea accosts Menoetes, the pilot of his ship: Whither, I pray, are you going so far to the right? this way steer your course; keep to the shore, and let the oar graze upon the rocks to the left: let others stand out to sea. He said: but Menoetes, dreading the hidden

rocks, turns out his prow toward the waves. Gyas with loud voice called to him again, Menoetes, whither are you steering opposite? once more, I say, keep to the rocks: And lo! he espies Cloanthus pressing on his rear, and keeping a nearer compass. He, between Gyas' ship and the roaring rocks, brushes along the left-hand path on the inside, and suddenly gets ahead of him who was before, and leaving the goal, gains the safe seas. Then indeed severe grief blazed up in the inmost vitals of the youth: nor were his cheeks free from tears; and regardless both of his own dignity and the safety of his friends, he hurls dastardly Menoetes headlong from the lofty stern into the sea. Himself succeeds to the helm, both as pilot and commander; encourages his men, and turns his rudder to the shore. But when encumbered Menoetes with difficulty at length had risen from the deep bottom being now in years, and languid by reason of his wet garments, he crawls up to the summit of the rock, and sat down on the dry cliff. The Trojans laughed both to see him fall, and to see him swimming; and they renew their laughter when from his breast he vomits up the briny wave. Here Sergestus and Mnestheus, the two last, were fired with joyous hope to outstrip Gyas lagging behind. Sergestus gets the start, and makes up to the rock, nor yet had he the advantage by the whole length of the ship, only by a part: the rival Pristis partly presses him with her beak. But Mnestheus, on the mid-deck walking among his crew, animates them: My Hectorean bands, whom I chose associates in Troy's last fatal hour, now, now with keenness ply your oars; now exert that vigor, now that soul of which you were masters in the quicksands of Getulia, in the Ionian Sea, and on Malea's coast, where waves succeeding waves pursued us. Your Mnestheus aspires not now to the foremost place, nor contends for the victory: though would to heaven! but may those conquer to whom thou, O Neptune, hast given that boon. Let us be ashamed to come in the last. Surmount, my countrymen, and repel that criminal disgrace. They bend to the oar with the greatest emulation: the brazen-beaked galley trembles with the vast strokes, and the [watery] surface flies from under them. Then thick panting shakes their limbs and parched jaws: sweat flows from every pore in rivulets.

Mere chance procured the men the wished-for honor: for while Sergestus, in his furious career, is pressing up the head of the ship to the rocks, and steers in a disadvantageous place, he unluckily stuck among the jutting rocks. The cliffs are shaken, and on a sharp reef the struggling oars were loudly snapped, and the prow dashed against [the rocks] stood suspended. The mariners arise together, and with great clamor desist; and apply stakes shod with iron, and poles with sharpened points, and gather up their shattered oars on the stream. Meanwhile Mnesticus rejoiced, and more animated by this same success, with the nimble march of the oars, and winds called to his aid, cuts the easy waves, and scuds away on the open sea. As a pigeon, whose nest and darling young are in some harboring rock, suddenly scared from her covert, flies away into the fields, and, starting in a fright, gives a loud flapping with her wings against the nest; then, shooting through the calm still air, skims along the liquid way, nor moves her noble pinions: thus Mnesticus, thus the *Pristis* herself in her career, cuts the utmost boundary of the watery plain; thus the mere vehemence of her motion carries her forward in her flying course. And first she leaves behind her Sergestus struggling against the high rocks and scanty shallows, in vain imploring aid, and trying to row on with shattered oars. Then he overtakes Gyas, and Chimera's self of mighty bulk: she yields, because she is deprived of her pilot. And now, in the very end of the course, Cloanthus alone is before him; whom he endeavors to reach, and, straining with the utmost vigor, pursues. Then, indeed, the shouts redouble, and all, with hearty applauses, stimulate him in the pursuit, and the sky resounds with roaring acclamations. These are fired with indignation, lest they should lose their possession of glory and the honor they have won; and they are willing to barter life for renown. Those success cherishes; they are able because they seem to be able. And, perhaps, they had both gained the prize with equaled beaks, had not Cloanthus, stretching out his hands to the sea poured forth prayers and invoked the gods to his vows: Ye gods, to whom belongs the empire of the main, over whose seas I sail, I, bound by vow, will joyously present before your altars a snow-white bull on this shore,

and cast forth the entrails on the briny wave [as an offering to you], and make a libation of pure wine. He said: and the whole choir of the Nereids and Phorcus, and the virgin Panopea, heard him from the bottom of the waves; and father Portunus himself, with his mighty hand, pushed on the galley in her course. She flies to land swifter than the south wind, and the winged arrow, and lodged herself in the harbor's deep recess. Then Anchises' son, having assembled all in form, proclaims Cloanthus conqueror, by the loud voice of the herald, and crowns his temples with verdant laurel; allows him the choice of three bullocks as presents for the galleys, and gives him wine and a great talent of silver to carry away. On the leaders themselves he confers peculiar honors: to the conqueror he presents a mantle embroidered with gold, round which a thick fringe of Melibeian purple ran in a double maze and, where the royal boy [Ganymede] inwoven pursues, with darts and full career, the fleet stags on woody Ida, eager, seeming to pant for breath; whom Jove's swift armor-bearer, with his crooked talons, snatched aloft from Ida. The aged keepers in vain stretch out their hands to the stars, and the baying of the hounds rages to the skies. .

To him who by his merit won the second place, he gives to wear a coat of mail, thick set with polished rings, and wrought in gold with a triple tissue, which he himself victorious had torn from Demoleus by rapid Simoïs under lofty Ilium: to be his ornament and defense in war. The servants, Phegeus and Sagaris, with united force, scarcely bore the cumbrous [armor] on their shoulders: but Demoleus, formerly clad therein, used to chase before him the straggling Trojans. For the third present he bestows two caldrons of brass, and silver bowls of finished work, and rough with figures. And thus now all rewarded, and elated with their wealth, were moving along, having their temples bound with scarlet fillets, when Sergestus brought up his hooted galley without honor, hardly with much art disentangled from the cruel rock, with the loss of her oars, and in one tier quite disabled. As often a serpent sur-

prised in the highway (which a brazen wheel hath gone athwart, or a traveler, coming heavy with a blow, hath left half dead and mangled by a stone), attempting in vain to flee, shoots his body in long wreaths; in one part fierce, darting fire from his eyes, and rearing aloft his hissing neck; the other part, maimed with the wound, retards him, twisting [his body] in knots, and winding himself up on his own limbs: with such kind of steerage the ship slowly moved along: her sails, however, she expands, and enters the port with full sail. Aeneas gladly confers on Sergestus the promised reward for preserving the vessel, and bringing the crew safe back. To him is given a female slave, not unskillful in the works of Minerva, Pholoe, a Cretan by extraction, with her two children on the breast.

This game being over, pious Aeneas advances to a grassy plain, which woods on winding hills inclosed around; and in the mid valley was the circuit of a theater, whither the hero, in the midst of many thousands, repaired, and took a high seat. Here he offers inviting rewards to those who chanced to be inclined to enter the lists in the rapid race, and exhibits the prizes. The Trojans and Sicilians, in mingled throngs, convene from every quarter; Nisus and Euryalus the first: Euryalus, distinguished by his lovely form and blooming youth: Nisus, by his true affection for the boy: whom next Dioreas followed, a royal youth of Priam's illustrious line. After him Salius, and with him Patron; of whom the one was an Arcarnanian, the other from Arcadia, of the blood of the Tegaeon race. Next two Sicilian youths, Elymus and Panopes, trained to the woods, the companions of aged Acestes; and many more besides, whom fame hath buried in obscurity. In the midst of whom thus Aeneas spoke: Mark these my words, and attend with joy: none of this throng shall go unrewarded by me. Two bright Gnosian darts of polished steel, and a carved battle-axe of silver, I will give [each man] to bear away. This honor shall be conferred equally on all. The first three shall receive prizes, and shall have their heads bound with swarthy olive.

Let the first conqueror have a steed adorned with rich trappings; the second an Amazonian quiver full of Thracian arrows, which a broad belt of gold around embraces, and a buckle clasps with a tapering gem: and let the third content himself with this Grecian helmet.

When he had thus said, they take their respective places, and upon hearing the signal, start in a trice, and quit the barrier, darting forward like a tempest: at the same time they mark the goal. Nisus gets the start, and springs away far before the rest, outflying the winds and winged lightning. Next to him, but next by a long interval, follows Salius: then after him Euryalus, with some space left [between them]; and Helymus follows Euryalus; close by whose side, lo! next Dioreas flies, and now jostles heel with heel, pressing on his shoulder; and, had more stages remained, he had skipped away before him, or left the victory dubious. And now they were almost in the utmost bound, and, exhausted, were approaching toward the very goal; when unhappy Nisus slides in a slippery puddle of blood, as by chance it had been shed on the ground from victims slain, and soaked the verdant grass. Here the youth, already flushed with the joy of victory, could not support his tottering steps on the ground he trod, but fell headlong amid the noisome filth and sacred gore. He, however, was not then forgetful of Euryalus, nor of their mutual affection; for, as he rose from the slippery mire, he opposed himself to Salius: he again, tumbling backward, lay prostrate on the clammy sand. Euryalus springs forward, and victorious by the kindness of his friend, holds the foremost place, and flies with favoring applause and acclamation. Helymus comes in next; and Dioreas, now [entitled to] the third prize. Here Salius fills the whole assembly of the ample pit, and the front seats of the fathers, with loud outcries, and demands the prize to be given to himself, from whom it was snatched away by unfair means. The favor [of the spectators] befriends Euryalus, and his graceful tears, and merit that appears more lovely in a comely person. Dioreas aids him, and exclaims with bawling voice;

who succeeded to a prize, and had a claim to the last reward in vain, if the first honors be given to Salius. Then father Aeneas said: Your rewards, youths, stand fixed, and none shall turn the prize out of its due course: give me leave to compassionate the disaster of my innocent friend. This said, he gives to Salius the huge hide of a Getulian lion, ponderous with shaggy fur and gilt claws. Upon this Nisus says, If to the vanquished such rewards be given, and your pity be extended to those that fell, what gifts are due to Nisus? [to me,] who by my merit won the first prize, had not the same unkind fortune which bore Salius down overpowered me. And with these words he at the same time showed his face and limbs besmeared with oozy filth. The excellent father smiled on his plight, and ordered the buckler to be produced, Didymaon's ingenious work, torn down by the Greeks from the sacred posts of Neptune's temple. With this signal present he rewards the illustrious youth.

Next when the race was finished, and the prizes were distributed: Now, [says he,] whoever he may be in whose breast courage and resolution dwell, let him stand forth, and raise aloft his arms, having his hands bound [with the cestus.] He said, and proposes a double prize for the combat: to the conqueror a bullock decked with gold and fillets; a sword and shining helm, the solace of the vanquished. Without delay, Dares shows his face with strength prodigious, and rears himself amid the loud murmurs of the spectators; he who alone was wont to enter the lists with Paris; the same at the tomb where mighty Hector lies, struck down victorious Butes of mighty frame, who boasted his descent from the race of Amycus, king of Bebrycia, and stretched him gasping on the tawny sand. Such Dares uprears his lofty head first in the lists, and presents his broad shoulders, and in alternate throws brandishes his arms around, and beats the air with his fists. For him a match is sought; nor dares one of all that numerous crowd encounter him, and draw the gauntlets on his hands. Elated, therefore, and imagining that all had quitted pretension to the prize, he stood before Aeneas' feet: and then, without further delay,

with his left hand he seizes the bull by the horns, and thus speaks: Goddess-born, if no one will dare to trust himself to the combat, where will be the end of hanging on? how long must I be detained? Order the presents to be brought. At the same time all the Trojans murmured their consent, and ordered the promised prizes to be delivered to him. Then venerable Acestes thus chides Entellus, as he sat beside him on the verdant grassy couch: Entellus, in vain [reputed] the stoutest of champions once, will you then suffer so great prizes to be carried off without any contest? Where is now that god of ours, Eryx, whom you in vain gave out to be your master? where is your fame through all Trinacria? where the spoils that used to hang from your roof? He to this immediately [replies]: It is not that my thirst of praise is gone, or my glory has departed, driven away by fear: but my frozen blood languishes through enfeebling age, and the strength worn out in my body is benumbed. Did I but now enjoy that youth which once I had, and wherein that varlet triumphs with vain confidence, (then would I have taken the field): not indeed induced by the prize and the fair bullock, for I regard not rewards. Thus having spoken, he then throws into the midst a pair of gauntlets of huge weight; wherewith fierce Eryx was wont to engage in the fight, and to brace his arms with the stubborn hide. Amazement seized their minds. Seven huge thongs of such vast oxen lay stiffening with lead and iron sewed within. Above all Dares himself stands aghast, and utterly declines the combat: and the magnanimous son of Anchises this way and that way poises the weight and the complicated folds of the gauntlets.

Then the aged champion thus spoke from his soul: What if any [of you] had seen the gauntlet and arms of Hercules himself, and the bloody combat on this very shore? These arms your brother Eryx formerly wore. You see them yet stained with blood and shattered brains. With these he stood against great Alcides; with these I was wont [to combat], while better blood supplied me with strength, nor envious age as yet had scattered gray hairs over my temples. But if Trojan Dares decline these our arms,

and if the pious Aeneas be so determined, and Acestes, who prompts me [to the fight], approve, let us be equally matched: To oblige you, I lay aside the weapons of Eryx; dismiss your fears, and do you put off your Trojan gauntlets. This said, he flung from his shoulders his double vest, and bared his huge limbs, his big bones and sinewy arms, and stood forth of mighty frame in the middle of the field. Then the sire, sprung from Anchises, brought forth equal gauntlets, and bound both their hands with equal arms. Forthwith each on his tiptoes stood erect, and undaunted raised his arms aloft in the air. Far from the blow they backward withdrew their towering heads: now hand to hand they join in close encounter, and provoke the fight; the one having the advantage in agility of foot, and relying on his youth; the other surpassing in limbs and bulk; but his feeble knees sink under his trembling body: his difficult breathing shakes his vast frame. The heroes deal many blows to one another with erring aim, and many on the hollow sides redouble; from their breasts [the thumps] resound aloud, and round their ears and temples thick strokes at random fly; their jaws crackle under the heavy blow. Entellus stands stiff and unmoved in the same firm posture, only with his body and watchful eyes evades the strokes. The other, as one who besieges a lofty city with batteries, or under arms besets a mountain fortress, explores now these, now those approaches, and artfully traverses the whole ground, and pursues his attack with various assaults, still baffled. Entellus, rising on tiptoe, extended his right arm, and lifted it on high: the other nimbly foresaw the blow descending from above, and with agility of body shifting, slipped from under it. Entellus spent his strength on the wind; and, both by the force of his own natural weight, and the violence of the motion, falls to the ground of himself with his heavy bulk; as sometimes, on Erymanthus or spacious Ida, a hollow pine torn from the roots tumbles down at once. The Trojan and Sicilian youth rise together with eager feelings: their acclamations pierce the skies; and Acestes first advances in haste, and in pity raises from the ground his friend of equal age. But the hero, not disabled nor daunted by his fall, returns to the combat more fierce, and indignation rouses his spirit:

then shame and conscious worth set all the powers of his soul on fire; and inflamed he drives Dares headlong over the whole plain, redoubling blows on blows, sometimes with the right hand, sometimes with the left. No stop, no stay: as thick showers of hail come rattling down on the housetops, so with thick repeated blows, the hero thumps Dares with each hand, and tosses him hither and thither. Then father Aeneas suffered not their fury longer to exert itself, nor Entellus to rage with such fierce animosity: but put an end to the combat, and rescued Dares quite overpowered, soothing him with words, and bespeaks him in these terms: Unhappy! what strong infatuation possessed your mind? Are you not sensible of [his having] foreign assistance, and that the gods have changed sides? Yield to the deity. He said, and by his word put an end to the combat. As for Dares, his trusty companions conduct him to the ships, dragging his feeble limbs, and tossing his head to either side, disgorging from his throat clotted gore, and teeth mingled with his blood; and, at Aeneas' call, they take the helmet and sword, and leave the palm and bull to Entellus. At this the conqueror, in soul elated, and proud of the bull, says: Goddess-born, and ye Trojans, hence know both what strength I have had in my youthful limbs, and from what death you have saved Dares. He said, and stood against the front of the opposite bull that was set for the prize of the combat, and rearing himself up, with his right hand drawn back, leveled the cruel gauntlets directly between the horns, and, battering the skull, drove through the bones. Down drops the ox, and, in the pangs of death, falls sprawling to the ground. Over him he utters these words: This life, more acceptable, O Eryx, I give thee in exchange for Dares' death; here, victorious, I lay down the gauntlets with my art.

Aeneas forthwith invites such as may be willing to try their skill with the swift arrow, and sets prizes; and with his mighty hand raises a mast taken from Serestus' ship, and from the high mast hangs a fluttering dove by a rope thrust through at which they may aim their shafts. The competitors assemble and a brazen helmet received the

shuffled lots. The lot of Hippocoön, the son of Hyrtacus, comes out first of all with favoring shouts; whom follows Mnestheus, lately victor in the naval strife, Mnestheus, crowned with green olive. The third is Eurytion, the brother, illustrious Pandarus, of thee, who, once urged to violate the treaty, didst first hurl thy dart into the midst of the Greeks. Acestes remained the last, and in the bottom of the helmet; he too adventuring with his [aged] hand to essay the feats of youth. Then with stout force they bend their pliant bows, each man according to his ability, and draw forth their arrows from their quivers. And first the arrow of young Hyrtacus' son, shot through the sky from the whizzing string, cleaves the fleeting air, both reaches [the mark], and fixes in the wood of the opposite mast. The mast quivered; and the frightened bird, by its wings, showed signs of fear; and all quarters rang with loud applause. Next keen Mnestheus stood with his bow close drawn, aiming on high, and directed his eye and arrow both together. But it was his misfortune not to be able to hit the bird itself with his shaft; he burst the cords and hempen ligaments to which it hung tied by the foot from the high mast. She with winged speed shot into the air and dusky clouds. Then Eurytion in eager haste, having his arrow long before extended on the ready bow, poured forth a vow to his brother [Pandarus], as he now beheld the joyful dove in the void sky, and pierced her under a dark cloud as she was clapping her wings. She dropped down dead, and left her life among the stars of heaven; and, falling to the ground, brings back the arrow fastened [in the wound]. Acestes alone remained after the prize was lost; who, notwithstanding, discharged his shaft into the ærial regions, the sire displaying both his address and twanging bow. Here is unexpectedly presented to view a prodigy, designed to be of high portent; this the important event afterward declared, and the alarming soothsayers predicted the omens late. For the arrow, flying among the watery clouds, took fire, and with the flames marked out a path, till, being quite consumed, it vanished into thin air; as often stars loosened from the firmament shoot across, and

flying draw [after them] a train of light. The Sicilians and Trojans stood fixed in astonishment, and besought the gods; nor does mighty Aeneas reject the omen, but, embracing Acestes overjoyed, loads him with ample rewards, and thus bespeaks him: Accept these, O sire, for the great king of heaven, by these omens, has signified his will, that you receive the honor [of the victory, though] out of course. This gift, which belonged to aged Anchises' self, you shall possess; a bowl embossed with figures, which Thracian Cisseus formerly gave for a magnificent present to my sire, as a monument and pledge of his love. This said, he crowns his temples with verdant laurel, and in view of all pronounces Acestes the first conqueror. Nor does good Eurytion envy him the preference in honor, though he alone struck down the bird from the exalted sky. He next comes in for a prize, who broke the cords; the last is he who pierced the mast with his winged shaft.

But father Aeneas, the games not being yet ended, calls to him the son of Epytus, young Iulus' guardian and companion, and thus whispers in his trusty ear: Go quick, says he, desire Ascanius (if he has now gotten ready with him his company of boys, and has arranged the movements of the horses) to bring up his troops, and show himself in arms in honor of his grandsire. He himself orders the crowd to remove from the extended circus, and the field to be cleared. The boys advance in procession, and uniformly shine on the bridled steeds full in their parents' sight; in admiration of whom, as they career along, the whole Trojan and Trinacrian youth join in acclamations. All in due form had their hair pressed with a trim garland. They bear two cornel spears pointed with steel; some have polished quivers on their shoulders. A pliant circle of wreathed gold goes from the upper part of their breasts about their necks. Three troops of horsemen, and three leaders, range over the plain: twelve striplings following each, shine in a separate body, and with commanders equally matched. There is one band of youths which young Priam, bearing his grandsire's name, leads triumphant;

thy illustrious offspring, O Polites, who shall one day do honor to the Italians, whom a Thracian courser bears, dappled with white spots; the fetlocks of his foremost feet are white, and, tossing his head aloft, he displays a white front. The second is Atys, from whom the Atii of Rome have derived their origin; little Atys, a boy beloved by the boy Iulus. Last, and in beauty distinguished from all the rest, Iulus rode on a Sidonian steed which fair Dido had given him as a monument and pledge of her love. The rest of the youths ride on the Trinacrian horses of aged Acestes. The Trojans with shouts of applause receive them anxious [for honor], and are well-pleased with the sight, and recognize the features of the aged sires. Now when the joyous youths had paraded on horseback round the whole ring, and full in their parents' view, Epytus' son, from afar, gave a signal to them by a shout, as they stood ready, and clanked with the lash. They broke away in parted order, keeping the same front, and broke up the troops into separate bands by threes; and again, upon summons given, they wheeled about, and bore their hostile spears [on one another.] Then they again advance, and again retreat in their opposite grounds, and alternately involve intricate circles within circles, and call up the representation of a fight in arms. And now flying they expose their defenseless backs; now in hostile manner turn their darts [on each other]: now, peace being made up, they are borne along together. As of old in lofty Crete was a labyrinth famed for having had an alley formed by dark intricate walls, and a puzzling maze with a thousand avenues, where a [single] mistake, unobserved, but not to be retraced, frustrated the marks for guiding one on the way; in just such course the sons of the Trojans involve their motions, and with intricate movement represent fighting and flying in sport; like dolphins, that, swimming through the watery deep, cut the Carpathian or Libyan Sea, and gambol amid the waves. This manner of tilting, and these mock fights, Ascanius first renewed, and taught the ancient Latins to celebrate, when he was inclosing Alba Longa with walls: as he himself, when a boy, as the Trojan youth with him [had practiced them], so the Albans taught their posterity; hence, in after times, imperial Rome received them,

and preserved the same in honor of her ancestors: and at this day it is called [the game of] Troy, and the boys [that perform it], the Trojan band. Thus far the trials of skill were exhibited [by Aeneas in honor] of his sanctified sire.

Here shifting Fortune, changing, first altered her faith. While they are celebrating the anniversary festival at the tomb with various games, Saturnian Juno dispatched Iris from heaven to the Trojan fleet, and with the fanning winds speeds her on her way, forming many plots, and having not yet glutted her old revenge. The virgin goddess accelerating her way, seen by none, amid the bow with a thousand colors, shoots down the path with nimble motion. She descries the vast concourse; then, surveying the shore, sees the port deserted, and the fleet deserted. But at a distance the Trojan dames apart were mourning the loss of Anchises on the desolate shore, and all of them with tears in their eyes viewed the deep ocean: Ah! that so many shoals, such a length of sea should still remain for us after all our toils! was the sole complaint of all. They pray for a city, are sick of enduring the hardships of the main. Therefore she, not unpracticed in mischief, throws herself into the midst of them, and lays aside the mien and vesture of a goddess. She assumes the figure of Beroe, the aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus, who was of noble birth, and once had renown, and offspring. And thus she joins in discourse with the Trojan matrons: Ah! unhappy we, who were not dragged forth to death in the war by the Grecian host under our native walls! Ill-fated race! for what miserable doom does fortune reserve you? The seventh summer since the destruction of Troy is already rolled away, while we, having measured all lands and seas, so many inhospitable rocks and barbarous climes, are driven about: while along the wide ocean we pursue an ever-fleeing Italy, and are tossed on the waves. Here are the realms of his brother Eryx, and his friend Acestes: who prevents our founding walls, and giving our citizen a city? Ah, my country, and our gods in vain saved from the enemy! shall a city never more arise to be named from Troy? Shall I never see the Hectorean rivers, Xanthus and Simois? Nay, rather come, and burn with me our cursed ships. For in my sleep the ghost of the prophetess Cassandra

seemed to present me with flaming brands: Here, says she, seek for Troy, here is your fixed residence. Now is the time for action. Nor let there be delay after such signs from heaven. Lo! here are four altars to Neptune: the god himself supplies us with fire-brands, and with courage [for the attempt]. With these words, she violently snatches the destroying fire, and, lifting up her right hand with exerted force, waves it at a distance, throws it. Roused are the minds and stunned the hearts of the Trojan matrons. Then one of the number, Pyrgo, the most advanced in years, the royal nurse to Priam's numerous sons, [said] Matrons, this is not Beroë whom you have here, it is not she from Rhæteum, the wife of Doryclus: mark the characters of divine beauty, eyes bright and sparkling; what breath, what looks; or the accents of her voice, or her gait as she moves. Myself lately, as I came hither, left Beroë sick, in great anguish that she alone was cut off from such a solemnity, and was not to pay the honors due to Anchises. She said.

But the matrons first began to view the ships with malignant eyes, dubious and wavering between their wretched fondness for the present land, and the realms that summoned them by the Fates; when on equal poised wings the goddess mounted into the sky, and in her flight cut the spacious bow beneath the clouds. Then, indeed, confounded at the prodigy, and driven by madness, they shriek out together, and snatch the flame from the inmost hearths. Some rifle the altars, and fling the boughs, and saplings, and brands together: the conflagration rages with loose reins amid the rowers' seats, and oars, and painted sterns of fir. Eumelus conveys the tidings to Anchises' tomb, and to the benches of the theater, that the ships were burned; and they themselves behold the sparks of fire flying up in a pitchy cloud. And first, Ascanius, as joyous he led the cavalcade, just as he was, with full speed rode up to the troubled camp; nor was it in the power of his guardians, half-dead for fear, to check him. What strange frenzy this? whither, he cries, ah! my wretched countrywomen, whither would you now? It is not the enemy, or the hostile camp of the Greeks, but your own hopes ye burn. Here am I, your own

Ascanius. He threw at their feet the empty helmet, which he wore while calling forth the images of war in sport. At the same time Aeneas and the bands of the Trojans came up in haste. But the matrons for fear flee different ways up and down the shore, and skulking repair to the woods and hollow rocks wherever there are any. They loathe the deed, the light, and penitent recognize their friends; and Juno is dislodged from their breasts. But the flames and conflagration did not therefore abate their ungovernable fury. The tow lives under the moistened boards disgorging languid smoke; the smothered fire gradually consumes the keel, and the contagious ruin spreads through the whole body of the vessel. Neither the efforts of the heroes, nor outpoured streams, avail. Then pious Aeneas tore his robe from his shoulders, and invoked the gods to his aid, and stretched out his hands: Almighty Jove, if thou dost not yet abhor all the Trojans to a man, if thy ancient goodness regards human disasters with commiseration, grant now, O father, that our fleet may escape from these flames, and save from desolation the humbled state of the Trojans. Or, to complete thy vengeance, hurl me down to the death with thy vindictive thunder, if I so deserve, and crush me here with thy right hand. Scarce had he spoken these words, when a black tempest of bursting rain rages with uncommon fury: both hills and valleys quake with thunder; the shower in turbid rain, and condensed into pitchy darkness by the thick-beating south winds, pours down from the whole atmosphere. The ships are filled from above; the half-burned boards are drenched, till the whole smoke is extinguished, and all the ships, with the loss of four, are saved from the pest.

But father Aeneas, struck with the bitter misfortune, turned his anxious thoughts now this way, now that, pondering with himself whether he should settle in the territories of Sicily, regardless of the Fates, or steer his course to the Italian coast. Then aged Nautes, whom above others Tritonian Pallas taught, and rendered illustrious for deep science, gave forth these responses, what either the great displeasure of the gods portended, or what the series of the Fates required. And thus, solacing Aeneas, he begins:

Goddess-born, let us follow the Fates, whether they invite us backward or forward: come what will, every fortune is to be surmounted by patience. You have Trojan Acestes of divine origin: admit him the partner of your counsels, and unite yourself to him your willing friend: to him deliver such as are over, now that you have lost some ships; choose out those who are sick of the great enterprise, and of your fortunes; the old with length of years oppressed, and the matrons fatigued with the voyage; select the feeble part of your company, and such as dread the danger, and, since they are tired out, let them have a settlement in these territories: they shall call the city Acesta by a licensed name.

Then indeed Aeneas, fired by these words of his aged friend, is distracted in his mind amid a thousand cares. Now sable Night, mounted on her chariot with two horses, held the skies, when the form of his father Anchises, gliding down from the skies, suddenly seemed to pour forth these words: Son, once dearer to me than life, while life remained; my son, severely tried by the fates of Troy; hither I come by the command of Jove, who averted the fire from your fleet, and at length showed pity from the high heaven. Comply with the excellent counsel which aged Nautes now offers: carry with you to Italy the choice of the youths, the stoutest hearts. In Latium you have to subdue a hardy race, rugged in manners. But first, my son, visit Pluto's infernal mansions, and, in quest of an interview with me, cross the deep floods of Avernus: for not accursed Tartarus, nor the dreary ghosts, have me in their possession: but I inhabit the delightful seats of the blest, and Elysium. Hither the chaste Sibyl shall conduct thee after shedding profusely the blood of black victims. Then you shall learn your whole progeny, and what walls are assigned to you. And now farewell: humid Night wheels about her mid course, and the dawning light, which fiercely summons me away, hath breathed upon me with panting steeds. He said; and vanished like smoke into the fleeting air. Whither so precipitant? says then Aeneas; whither dost thou whirl away? whom fleest thou? or who debars me from my embraces? So saying, he awakes the embers and dormant fire, and suppliant pays veneration to his Trojan domestic god, and the shrine of hoary Vesta, with a holy cake and full censer.

Forthwith he calls his followers, and first of all Acestes, and informs them of Jove's command, and the instructions of his beloved sire, and of the present settled purpose of his soul. No obstruction is given to his plans; nor is Acestes averse to the proposals made. They enroll the matrons for the city, and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, souls that had no desire of high renown. Themselves renew the benches, and repair the timbers half consumed by the flames; fit oars and cables to the ships; in number small, but of animated valor for war. Meanwhile Aeneas marked out a city with the plow, and assigns the houses by lot: here he orders a [second] Ilium to arise, and these places to be called after those of Troy. Trojan Acestes rejoices in his kingdom; institutes a court of justice; and having assembled his senators, dispenses laws. Then on the top of Mount Eryx a temple approaching the stars is raised to Idalian Venus; and a priest is assigned to the tomb of Anchises, with a grove hallowed far and wide. And now the whole people had kept the festival for nine days, and sacrifices had been offered on the altars, peaceful breezes have smoothed the seas, and the south wind in repeated gales invites into the deep. Loud lamentations along the winding shores arise: in mutual embraces they linger out both night and day. Even the matrons, and those to whom the face of the sea lately seemed horrid, and its divinity intolerably severe, would willingly go, and submit to all the toil of the voyage; whom good Aeneas solaces in friendly terms, and, weeping commends to his kinsman Acestes. Then he orders to sacrifice to Eryx three calves, and a female lamb to the tempests, and to weigh anchor after the due rites were performed. He himself, having his head bound with a trim garland of olive leaves, standing on the extremity of the prow, holds the cup, and casts forth the entrails on the briny waves, and pours the limpid wine. A wind arising from the stern accompanies them in their course. The crew, with emulous vigor, lash the sea and brush its smooth surface.

Meanwhile Venus, harassed with cares, addresses Neptune,

and pours forth these complaints from her breast. The heavy resentment and insatiable passion of Juno compel me, O Neptune, to descend to all entreaties; Juno, whom neither length of time or any piety softens; and who is not quelled and subdued even by Jove's imperial sway, or by the Fates. It is not enough for her to have effaced the city from among the Phrygian race by her unhallowed hate, nor to have dragged the relics of Troy through all sorts of suffering; she persecutes the ashes and bones of the ruined city. The causes of such furious resentment are to her best known. Yourself can witness for me what a heaving tempest she suddenly raised of late on the Libyan waves. The whole sea she blended in confusion with the sky, vainly relying on Aeolus' storms; this presuming [even] in your realms. Lo also (O wickedness!) by acting upon the Trojan matrons, she hath shamefully burned the ships, and forced their friends, now that they have lost their fleet, to abandon them in an unknown land. As to what remains, may they be allowed, I pray, to sail over the waves secure by thy protection: may they be allowed to reach Laurentian Tiber; if I ask what may be granted, if the Destinies assign those settlements. Then the Saturnian ruler of the deep ocean thus replied: Cytherea, it is perfectly just that you confide in my realms, whence you derive your birth: besides, I have a just claim; [for] often have I checked the furious rage and maddening tumult of sea and sky. Nor was I less careful of your Aeneas on earth (I call Xanthus and Simois to witness). When Achilles, pursuing the breathless troops of Troy, dashed them against their walls, gave many thousands to death, and the choked rivers groaned, and Xanthus could not find his way, nor disembody himself into the sea; then in a hollow cloud I snatched away Aeneas, while encountering the mighty Achilles with strength and gods unequal; though I was desirous of overthrowing from the lowest foundation the walls of perjured Troy, reared by my hands. And still I am of the same disposition: banish your fear; he shall arrive safe at the port of Avernus, which you desire. One only, lost in the deep, shall he seek for: one life shall be given for many. The sire, having by these words soothed and cheered the heart of the goddess,

yokes his steeds to his golden car, puts the foaming bit into their fierce mouths, and throws out all the reins. Along the surface of the seas he nimbly glides in his azure car. The waves subside, and the swelling ocean smooths its liquid pavement under the thundering axle: the clouds fly off the face of the expanded sky. Then [appear] the various forms of his retinue, unwieldy whales, and the aged train of Glaucus, and Palemon, Ino's son, the swift Tritons, and the whole band of Phorcus. On the left are Thetis, Melite, and the virgin Panopæ, Nesæe, Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce.

Upon this, soft joys in their turn diffuse themselves through the anxious soul of father Aeneas. Forthwith he orders all the masts to be set up, and the yards to be stretched along the sails. At once they all tacked together, and together let go sometimes the left-hand sheets, sometimes the right: at once they turn and turn back the lofty end of the sail yards: friendly gales waft the fleet forward. Palinurus, the master-pilot, led the closely united squadron: toward him the rest were ordered to steer their course. And now the dewy night had almost reached the middle of her course; the weary sailors, stretched along the hard benches under the oars, relaxed their limbs in peaceful repose; when the god of sleep, gently gliding down from the ethereal stars, parted the dusky air, and dispelled the shades; to you, O Palinurus, directing his course, visiting you, though innocent, with dismal dreams: and the god took his seat on the lofty stern, in the similitude of Phorbas, and poured forth these words from his lips: Palinurus, son of Iasius, the seas themselves carry forward the fleet; the gales blow fair and steady, the hour for rest is given. Recline your head, and steal your weary eyes from labor. Myself awhile will discharge your duty. To whom Palinurus, with difficulty lifting up his eyes, answers: Do you then bid me be a stranger to the aspect of the calm sea and its quiet waves? Shall I confide in this extraordinary apparition? Why should I trust Aeneas to the mercy of the fallacious winds, after having been so often deceived by the treacherous aspect of a serene sky? These words he uttered, while fixed and clinging he did not part with the

rudder, and held his eyes directed to the stars; when, lo! the god shakes over both his temples a branch drenched in the dew of Lethe, and impregnated with soporific Stygian influence; and, while he is struggling against sleep, dissolves his swimming eyes. Scarcely had unexpected slumber begun to relax his limbs, when (the god) leaning on him, with part of the stern broken off, together with the helm, plunged him headlong into the limpid waves, often calling on his friends in vain: he himself (Somnus) taking flight, raised himself on his wings aloft into the thin air. Meanwhile, the fleet runs its watery course on the plain with equal security, and fearless is conducted by father Neptune's promises. And now wafted forward, it was even coming up to the rocks of the Sirens, once of difficult access, and white with the bones of many (at that time the hoarse rocks resounded far by the continual buffeting of the briny waves); when father Aeneas perceived the fluctuating galley to reel, having lost its pilot; and he himself steered her through the darkened waves, deeply affected and wounded in his soul for the misfortune of his friend. Ah, Palinurus [says he], who has too much confided in the fair aspect of the skies and sea! naked wilt thou lie on unknown sands!

BOOK SIXTH.

SYNOPSIS.

THE VISION OF THE UNDER WORLD.

In this book we have an account of the descent of Aeneas into the infernal regions. Having arrived in Italy, he at once goes to the cave of the Sibyl, where he learns what difficulties were in store for him before settling peacefully in Italy. Having consulted her about his intended descent, and being informed of the danger of the undertaking, he was told that he must first obtain a golden bough from a certain tree sacred to Hecate. He is then informed that one of his friends lies dead upon the shore, and is directed to perform funeral rites for him, and afterward come and offer sacrifice. Returning to his companions, he finds Misesus dead.

Having found the golden bough, and going to the Sibyl, he is conducted by her to the under world. As they pass along, she describes to him the various scenes in those regions, showing him the several apartments, in one of which he sees Dido. While he attempts to address her, she turns from him in proud disdain. He advances until he reaches the residence of his father; who explains to him the teachings of Pythagoras in regard to the transmigration of souls, and shows what an illustrious race of heroes should descend from him.

He then returns to the upper regions through the ivory gate and revisits his companions.

THE
AENEID
OF
P. VERGILIUS MARO.

BOOK VI.

THUS he speaks with tears, and gives his ship full sail, and at length he reaches the Euboean coast of Cumae. They turn their prows out to the sea: then the anchor with its tenacious fluke moored the ships, and the bending sterns fringe the margin of the shore. The youthful crew spring forth with ardor on the Hesperian strand: some seek for the seeds of fire latent in the veins of flint; some plunder the copses, the close retreat of wild beasts, and point out rivers newly discovered. But the pious Aeneas repairs to the towers over which Apollo presides on high, and to the spacious cave, the cell of the Sibyl awful at a distance; into whom the prophetic god of Delos breathes an enlarged mind and spirit, and discloses to her the future. Now they enter Diana's groves, and [Apollo's] golden roofs.

Daedalus, as is famed, fleeing the realms of Minos, adventuring to trust himself to the sky on nimble wings, sailed through an untried path to the cold regions of the north, and at length gently alighted on the tower of Chalcis. Having landed first on those coasts, to thee, O Phoebus, he consecrated the orage of his wings, and reared a spacious temple. On the gates the death of Androgeos [was represented]: then the Athenians, doomed, as an atonement (a piteous case!) to pay yearly the bodies of their children by sevens: there stands the urn whence the lots were drawn.

In counterview answers the land of Gnosus raised above sea; here is the cruel love of the bull, and Pasiphaë substituted by stealth, and the mingled breed and double issue of the Minotaur, monuments of execrable lust. Here [are seen] the labored work of the Labyrinth, and the inextricable mazes. But Daedalus, pitying the violent love of queen [Ariadne], unravels [to Theseus] the intricacies and windings of the structure, himself guiding his dark mazy steps by a thread. You too, O Icarus, should have borne a considerable part in that great work, had [thy father's] grief permitted. Twice he essayed to figure the disastrous story in gold; twice the parent's hand misgave him. And now [the Trojans] would survey the whole work in order, were not Achates, who had been sent on, just at hand, and with him the priestess of Phoebus and Diana, Deiphobe, Glaucus' daughter, who thus bespeaks the king: This hour requires not such amusements. At present it will be more suitable to sacrifice seven bullocks from a herd unyoked, and as many chosen ewes, with usual rites. The priestess having thus addressed Aeneas (nor are they backward to obey her sacred orders), calls the Trojans into the lofty temple.

The huge side of an Euboean rock is cut into a cave, whither a hundred broad avenues lead, a hundred doors; whence rush forth as many voices, the responses of the Sibyl. They had come to the threshold, when thus the virgin exclaims: Now is the time to consult your fate: the god, lo the god! While thus before the gate she speaks, on a sudden her looks change, her color comes and goes, her locks are disheveled, her breast heaves, and her fierce heart swells with enthusiastic rage; she appears in a larger form, her voice speaking her not a mortal, now that she is inspired with the nearer influence of the god. Do you delay, Trojan Aeneas, she says, do you delay with thy vows and prayers? [Instantly begin]: for not till then shall the ample gates of this awe-stricken mansion unfold to the view. And having thus said, she ceased. Chill horror ran thrilling cold through the bones of the Trojans; and their king poured forth these prayers from the bottom of his heart:

Apollo, who hast ever pitied the troubles of Troy, who guidedst the Trojan darts and the hand of Paris

to the body of Achilles; under thy conduct I have entered so many seas encompassing countries, and the Massylian nations far remote, and regions vast stretched in front by the Syrtes. Now, at length, we grasp the coast of Italy that flees from us. Let it suffice that the fortune of Troy has persecuted us thus far. Now it is just that you too spare the Trojan race, ye gods and goddesses, all, to whom Ilium and the high renown of Dardania were obnoxious. And thou, too, most holy prophetess, skilled in futurity, grant (I ask no realms but what are destined to me by fate) that the Trojans, their wandering gods, and the persecuted deities of Troy, may settle in Latium. Then will I appoint to Phoebus and Diana a temple of solid marble, and festal days, called by the name of Apollo. Thee too a spacious sanctuary awaits in our realms; for there, benignant one, I will deposit thy oracles, and the secret fates declared to my nation, and will consecrate chosen men. Only commit not thy verses to leaves, lest they fly about in disorder, the sport of the rapid winds: I beg you yourself will pronounce them. He ended his address.

But the prophetess, as yet not suffering the influence of Phoebus, raves with wild outrage in the cave, struggling if possible to disburden her soul of the mighty god: so much the more he wearies her foaming lips, subduing her ferocious heart, and, by bearing down her opposition, molds her to this will. And now the hundred spacious gates of the abode were opened of their own accord, and pour forth the responses of the prophetess into the open air: O thou who hast at length overpassed the vast perils of the ocean! yet more afflicting trials by land await thee. The Trojans shall come to the realms of Lavinium (dismiss that concern from thy breast), but they shall wish too they had never come. Wars, horrid wars, I foresee, and Tiber foaming with a deluge of blood. Nor Simois nor Xanthus, nor Grecian camps, shall be wanting to you there. Another Achilles is prepared in Latium: he too the son of a goddess. Nor shall Juno, added to the Trojans [as their scourge], leave them wherever they are; while in your distress, which of the Italian states, which of its cities, shall you not humbly supplicate for aid? Once more shall a consort, a hostess, once more shall a foreign match, be the cause of so great calamity to the Trojans.

Yield not under your sufferings, but encounter them with greater boldness than your fortune shall permit. What you least expect, your first means of deliverance shall be unfolded from a Grecian city.

Thus from her holy cell the Cumaean Sibyl delivers her mysterious oracles, and, wrapping up truth in obscurity, bellows in her cave; Such reins Apollo shakes over her as she rages, and deep in her breast he plies the goads. As soon as her fury ceased, and her raving tongue was silent, the hero Aeneas begins: To me, O virgin, no shape of sufferings can arise new or unexpected; I have anticipated all things, and acted them over beforehand in my mind. My sole request is (since here the gate of the infernal king is said to be, and the darksome lake [formed] from the overflowing Acheron), that it may be my lot to come into the sight and presence of my dear father; that you would show the way, and open to me the sacred portals. On these shoulders I rescued him, through flames and a thousand darts pursuing, and saved him from the midst of the enemy. He accompanied my path, attended me in all my voyages, and, though infirm, bore all the terrors both of the sea and sky, beyond the power and condition of old age. Nay more, he it was who earnestly requested and enjoined me to come to thee a suppliant, and visit thy temple. Benignant one, pity, I pray, the son and the sire; for thou canst do all things; nor hath Hecate in vain given thee charge of the Avernian groves. If Orpheus had power to recall his consort's ghost, relying on his Thracian harp and harmonious strings; if Pollux redeemed his brother by alternate death, and goes and comes this way so often: [I hope I may also be allowed to go and return:] why need I mention Theseus, or great Alcides? I too derive my birth from Jove supreme.

In such terms he prayed, and held the altar, when thus the prophetess began to speak: Offspring of the gods, thou Trojan son of Anchises, easy is the path that leads down to hell; grim Pluto's gate stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps, and escape to the upper regions, this is a work, this is a task. A few, whom favoring Jove loved,

or illustrious virtue advanced to heaven, the sons of the gods, have effected it. Woods cover all the intervening space, and Cocytus gliding with his black winding flood surrounds it. But if your soul be possessed with so strong a passion, so ardent a desire, twice to swim the Stygian lake, twice to visit a gloomy Tartarus, and you will needs fondly pursue the desperate enterprise, learn what first is to be done. On a tree of deep shade there lies concealed a bough, with leaves and limber twigs of gold, pronounced sacred to infernal Juno; this the whole grove covers, and shades in dark valleys inclose. But to none is it given to enter the hidden recesses of the earth, till from the tree he pluck the bough with its golden locks. Fair Proserpine hath ordained this to be presented to her as her peculiar present. When the first is torn off, a second of gold soon succeeds; and a twig shoots forth leaves of the same metal. Therefore, search out for it on high with thine eyes, and, when found, pluck it with the hand in a proper manner; for, if the Fates invite you, itself will come away willing and easy; otherwise, you will not be able to master it by any strength, or to lop it off by the stubborn steel. Besides, the body of your friend lies breathless (whereof you, alas! are not aware), and pollutes the whole fleet with death, while you are seeking counsel, and hang lingering at my gate. First convey him to his place of rest, and bury him in the grave. Bring black cattle; let these first be the sacrifices of expiation. So at length you shall have a view of the Stygian groves, realms inaccessible to the living. She said, and closing her lips, was silent.

Aeneas, his eyes fixed on the ground with sorrowing looks, takes his way, leaving the cave, and muses the dark event in his mind; whom faithful Achates accompanies, and steps on with equal concern. Many doubts they started between them in the variety of their conversation; who was the lifeless friend designed by the prophetess, what corpse was to be interred. And as they came, they saw Misenus on the dry beach, slain by an unworthy death; Misenus, son of Aeolus, whom none excelled in rousing warriors by the brazen trump, and kindling the rage of war by its blast.

He had been the companion of great Hector, and about Hector he fought, distinguished both for the clarion and spear. After victorious Achilles had bereaved Hector of life, the valiant hero associated with Dardanian Aeneas, following no inferior chief. But, at that time, while madly presumptuous he makes the seas resound with his hollow trump, and with bold notes challenges the gods to a trial of skill, Triton, jealous (if the story be worthy of credit,) having inveigled him between two rocks, had overwhelmed him in the foaming billows. Therefore all murmured their lamentations around him with loud noise, especially pious Aeneas; then forthwith weeping they set about the Sibyl's orders, and are emulous to heap up the altar of the funeral pile with trees, and raise it toward heaven. They repair to an ancient wood, the deep lairs of the savage kind: down drop the firs: the holm crashes, felled by the axes; and the ashen logs and yielding oak are cleft by wedges; down from the mountains they roll the huge wild ashes. Aeneas, too, chief amid these labors, animates his followers, and is equipped with like implements. Meanwhile, he thus ruminates in his distressed breast, surveying the spacious wood, and thus prays aloud: O if that golden branch on the tree now presents itself to our view amid this ample forest; since, Mis-enus, all that the prophetess declared of thee is true, alas! too true. Scarcely had he spoken these words, when it chanced that two pigeons, in their airy flight, came directly into the hero's view, and alighted on the verdant ground. Then the mighty hero knows his mother's birds, and rejoicing, prays: Oh! be the guides of the way, if any way there is, and steer your course through the air into the groves, where the precious branch overshades the fertile soil. And thou, my goddess-mother, oh be not wanting to me in this my perplexity! Thus having said, he paused, observing what indications they offer, whither they bend their way. They, feeding and flying by turns, advanced before only as far as the eyes of the followers could trace them with their ken. Then, having come to the mouth of noisome Avernus, they mount up swiftly, and, gliding through the clear air,

both alight on the wished-for place, on that tree from whence the gleam of the gold, of different hue, shone through the boughs. As in the woods the mistletoe, which springs not from the tree from whence it grows, is wont to bloom with new leaves in the cold of winter, and to twine around the tapering trunk with its yellow offspring; such was the appearance of the gold sprouting forth on the shady holm: in like manner the metallic leaf tinkled with the gentle gale. Forthwith Aeneas grasps, and eagerly tears off the lingering branch, and bears it to the grotto of the prophetic Sibyl.

Meanwhile the Trojans were no less assiduously employed in mourning Misenus on the shore, and in paying the last duties to his senseless ashes. First, they rear a large pile unctuous with pines and split oak, whose sides they interweave with black boughs, and place in the front deadly cypresses, and deck it above with glittering arms. Some get ready warm water, and caldrons bubbling from the flames; and wash and anoint his cold limbs. The groan is raised: they then lay the bewailed body on a couch, and throw over it the purple robes, his wonted apparel. Others bore up the cumbrous bier, a mournful office; and with their faces turned away, after the manner of their ancestors, under it they held the torch. Amassed together, blaze offerings of incense, viands, whole goblets of oil poured [on the pile]. After the ashes had sunk down, and the flames relented, they drenched the relics and soaking embers in wine; and Chorinaeus inclosed the collected bones in a brazen urn. Thrice too he made the circuit of the company with holy water, sprinkling them with the light spray, and a branch of the prolific olive; and he purified them and pronounced the last farewell. But pious Aeneas erects a spacious tomb for the hero, with his arms upon it, and an oar and trumpet, beneath a lofty mountain, which now from him is called Misenus, and retains a name eternal through ages.

This done, he speedily executes the Sibyl's injunctions. There was a cave profound and hideous with wide yawning mouth,

stony, fenced by a black lake, and the gloom of woods; over which none of the flying kind were able to wing their way unhurt: such exhalations, issuing from its grim jaws, ascended to the vaulted skies: [for which reason the Greeks called the place by the name of the Aornus.] Here first the priestess places four bullocks, with backs of swarthy hue, and pours wine on their foreheads, and cropping the topmost hairs between the horns, lays them on the sacred flames as the first offerings, by voice invoking Hecate, whose power extends both to heaven and hell. Others employ the knives, and receive the tepid blood in bowls. Aeneas himself smites with his sword a ewe-lamb of sable fleece in honor of the mother of the Furies, and her great sister, and in honor of thee, Proserpina, a barren heifer. Then he sets about the nocturnal sacrifices to the Stygian king, and lays on the flames the solid carcasses of bulls, pouring fat oil on the broiling entrails. Lo now, at the early beams and rising of the sun, the ground beneath their feet began to rumble, the wooded heights to quake, and dogs were seen to howl through the shade of the woods, at the approach of the goddess. Hence, far hence, O ye profane exclaims the prophetess, and begone from all the grove; and do you, Aeneas, boldly march forward, and snatch your sword from its sheath: now is the time for fortitude, now for firmness of resolution. This said, she raving plunged into the open cave. He, with intrepid steps, keeps close by his guide as she leads the way.

Ye gods, to whom the empire of ghosts belong, and ye silent shades, and Chaos, and Phlegethon, places where silence reigns around in night! permit me to utter the secrets I have heard; may I by your divine will disclose things buried in deep earth and darkness.

They moved along amid the gloom under the solitary night through the shade, and through the desolate halls and empty realms of Pluto; such as is a journey in woods beneath the unsteady moon, under a faint, glimmering light, when Jupiter hath wrapped the heavens in shade, and sable night hath stripped objects of color.

Before the vestibule itself, and in the first jaws of hell, Grief and vengeful Cares have placed their couches, and pale Diseases dwell, and disconsolate Old Age, and Fear, and the evil counselor Famine, and vile deformed Indigence, forms ghastly to the sight! and Death, and Toil; then Sleep, akin to Death, and criminal Joys of the mind; and in the opposite threshold murderous War, and the iron bed-chambers of the Furies, and frantic Discord, having her viperous locks bound with bloody fillets.

In the midst a gloomy elm displays its boughs and aged arms, which seat vain Dreams are commonly said to haunt, and under every leaf they dwell. Many monstrous savages moreover, of various forms, stable in the gates, the Centaurs and double-formed Scyllas, and Briareus with his hundred hands, and the enormous snake of Lerna hissing dreadful, and Chimaera armed with flames; Gorgons, Harpies, and the form of (Geryon's) three-bodied ghost. Here Æneas, disconcerted with sudden fear, grasps his sword, and presents the naked point to each approaching shade: and had not his skillful guide put him in mind that they were airy unbodied phantoms, fluttering about under an empty form, he had rushed in, and with his sword struck at the ghosts in vain.

Hence is a path, which leads to the floods of Tartarean Acheron: here a gulf turbid boils up with mire and vast whirlpools, and disgorges all its sand into Cocytus. A grim ferryman guards these floods and rivers, Charon, of frightful slovenliness; on whose chin a load of gray hair neglected lies; his eyes are flame: his vestments hang from his shoulders by a knot, with filth overgrown. Himself thrusts on the barge with a pole, and tends the sails, and wafts over the bodies in his iron-colored boat, now in years: but the god is of fresh and green old age. Hither the whole tribe in swarms come pouring to the banks, matrons and men, the souls of magnanimous heroes who had gone through life, boys and unmarried maids,

and young men who had been stretched on the funeral pile before the eyes of their parents; as numerous as withered leaves fall in the woods with the first cold of autumn, or as numerous as birds flock to the land from deep ocean, when the chilling year drives them beyond sea, and sends them to sunny climes. They stood praying to cross the flood the first, and were stretching forth their hands with fond desire to gain the further bank: but the sullen boatman admits sometimes these, sometimes those: while others to a great distance removed, he debars from the banks. Aeneas (for he was amazed and moved with the tumult) thus speaks: O virgin, say what means that flocking to the river? what do the ghosts desire? or by what distinction must these recede from the banks, those sweep with oars the livid flood? To him the aged priestess thus briefly replied: Son of Anchises, undoubted offspring of the gods, you see the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, by whose divinity the gods dread to swear and violate [their oath]. All that crowd which you see, consists of naked and unburied persons: that ferryman is Charon: these, whom the stream carries are interred; for it is not permitted to transport them over the horrid banks, and hoarse waves, before their bones are quietly lodged in a final abode. They wander a hundred years, and flutter about these shores: then at length admitted, they visit the wished-for lakes. The offspring of Anchises paused and repressed his steps, deeply musing, and pitying from his soul their unkind lot. There he espies Leucaspis, and Orontes, the commander of the Lycian fleet, mournful, and bereaved of the honors of the dead: whom as they sailed from Troy, over the stormy seas, the south wind sunk together, whelming both ship and crew in the waves.

Lo! the pilot Palinurus slowly advanced, who lately in his Libyan voyage, while he was observing the stars, had fallen from the stern, plunged in the midst of the waves. When with difficulty, by reason of the thick shade, Aeneas knew him in this mournful mood, he thus first accosts him: What god, O Palinurus, snatched you from us, and overwhelmed you in the middle of the ocean? Come tell me. For Apollo, whom I never before found false,

in this one response deceived my mind, declaring that you should be safe on the sea, and arrive at the Ausonian coasts: Is this the amount of his plighted faith? But he [answers]: Neither the oracle of Phoebus beguiled you, prince of the line of Anchises, nor a god plunged me in the sea; for, falling headlong, I drew along with me the helm, which I chanced with great violence to tear away, as I clung to it, and steered our course, being appointed pilot. By the rough seas I swear, that I was not so seriously apprehensive for myself, as that thy ship, despoiled of her rudder, dispossessed of her pilot, might sink while such high billows were rising. The south wind drove me violently on the water over the spacious sea, three wintry nights: on the fourth day I descried Italy from the high ridge of a wave [whereon I was] raised aloft. I was swimming gradually toward land, and should have been out of danger, had not the cruel people fallen upon me with the sword (encumbered with my wet garment, and grasping with crooked hands the rugged tops of a mountain), and ignorantly taking me for a rich prey. Now the waves possess me, and the winds toss me about the shore. But by the pleasant light of heaven, and by the vital air, by him who gave thee birth, by the hope of rising Iulus, I thee implore, invincible one, release me from these woes: either throw on me some earth (for thou canst do so); and seek out the Veline port; or, if there be any means, if thy goddess mother point out any (for thou dost not, I presume, without the will of the gods, attempt to cross such mighty rivers and the Stygian lake), lend your hand to an unhappy wretch and bear me with you over the waves, that in death at least I may rest in peaceful seats. Thus he spoke, when thus the prophetess began: Whence, O Palinurus, rises in thee this so impious desire? Shall you unburied behold the Stygian floods, and the grim river of the Furies, or reach the bank against the command [of heaven]? Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods are to be altered by prayers; but mindful take these predictions as the solace of your hard fate. For the neighboring people compelled by portentous plagues from heaven, shall through their several cities far and wide offer atonement to thy ashes, erect a tomb, and stated anniversary offerings on that tomb present;

and the place shall forever retain the name of Palinurus. By these words his cares were removed, and grief was for a time banished from his disconsolate heart; he rejoices in the land that is to bear his name.

They therefore accomplish their journey begun, and approach the river: whom when the boatman soon from the Stygian wave beheld advancing through the silent grove, and stepping forward to the bank, thus he first accosts them in words, and chides them unprovoked: Whoever thou mayest be, who art now advancing armed to our rivers, say quick for what end thou comest; and from that very spot repress thy step. This is the region of Ghosts, of Sleep, and drowsy Night: to waft over the bodies of the living in my Stygian boat is not permitted. Nor indeed was it joy to me that I received the son of Alceus on the lake when he came or Theseus and Pirithous, though they were the offspring of the gods, and invincible in might. One with his hand put the keeper of Tartarus in chains, and dragged him trembling from the throne of our king himself; the others attempted to carry off our queen from Pluto's bed-chamber. In answer to which, the Amphrysian prophetess briefly spoke: No such plots are here, be not disturbed, nor do these weapons bring violence: the huge porter may bay in his den forever, terrifying the incorporeal shades: chaste Proserpine may remain in her uncle's palace. Trojan Aeneas, illustrious for piety and arms, descends to the deep shades of Erebus to his sire. If the image of such piety makes no impression on you, own a regard at least to this branch (she shows the branch that was concealed under her robe). Then his heart from swelling rage is stilled: nor passed more words than these. He with wonder gazing on the hallowed present of the fatal branch, beheld after a long season, turns toward them his lead-colored barge, and approaches the bank. Thence he dislodges the other souls that sat on the long benches, and clears the hatches; at the same time, receives into the hold the mighty Aeneas. The boat of sewn hide groaned under the weight, and, being leaky, took in much water from the lake. At length he lands the hero and prophetess safe on the other side of the river, on the foul slimy strand and sea-green weed.

Huge Cerberus makes these realms to resound with barking from his triple jaws, stretched at his enormous length in a den that fronts the gate. To whom the prophetess, seeing his neck now bristle with horrid snakes, flings a soporific cake of honey and medicated grain. He, in the mad rage of hunger, opening his three mouths, snatches the offered morsel, and, spread on the ground, relaxes his monstrous limbs, and is extended at vast length over all the cave. Aeneas now that the keeper [of hell] is buried [in sleep], seizes the passage, and swift overpasses the bank of that flood whence there is no return.

Forthwith are heard voices, loud wailings, and weeping ghosts of infants, in the first opening of the gate: whom, bereaved of sweet life out of the course of nature, and snatched from the breast, a black day cut off, and buried in an untimely grave. Next to those, are such as had been condemned to death by false accusations. Nor yet were those seats assigned them without a trial, without a judge. Minos, as inquisitor, shakes the urn: he convokes the council of the silent, and examines their lives and crimes.

The next places in order those mournful ones possess, who, though free from crime, procured death to themselves with their own hands, and, sick of the light, threw away their lives. How gladly would they now endure poverty and painful toils in the upper regions! Fate opposes, and the hateful lake imprisons them with its dreary waves, and Styx, nine times rolling between, confines them.

Not far from this part, extended on every side, are shown the fields of mourning: so they called them by name. Here by-paths remote conceal, and myrtle-groves cover those around, whom unrelenting love, with his cruel venom, consumed away. Their cares leave them not in death itself. In these places he sees Phaedra and Procris, and disconsolate Eriphyle pointing to the wounds she had received from her cruel son; Evadne also, and Pasiphae: these Laodamia accompanies, and Caeneus, once a youth, now a woman, and again by fate transformed into his pristine shape. Among whom Phoenician Dido, fresh from her wound, was wandering in a spacious wood; whom as soon as the Trojan hero

approached, and discovered faintly through the shades (in like manner as one sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising through the clouds in the beginning of her monthly course), he dropped tears, and addressed her in love's sweet accents: Hapless Dido, was it then a true report I had of your being dead, and that you had finished your own destiny by the sword? Was I, alas! the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by the powers above, and by whatever faith may be under the deep earth, that against my will, O queen, I departed from thy coast. But the mandates of the gods, which now compel me to travel through these shades, through noisome dreary regions and deep night, drove me from you by their authority; nor could I believe that I should bring upon you such deep anguish by my departure. Stay your steps, and withdraw not thyself from my sight. Whom dost thou flee? This is the last time fate allows me to address you. With these words Aeneas thought to soothe her, inflamed, and eying him with stern regard, and provoked his tears to flow. She, turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground; nor alters her looks more, in consequence of the conversation he had begun, than if she were fixed immovable like a stubborn flint or rock of Parian marble. At length, she abruptly retired, and in detestation fled into a shady grove, where Sichaeus, her first lord, answers her with [amorous] cares, and returns her love for love. Aeneas, nevertheless, in commotion for her disastrous fate, with weeping eyes, pursues her far, and pities her as she goes.

Hence he holds on his destined way; and now they had reached the last fields, which by themselves apart renowned warriors frequent. Here Tydeus appears to him, here Parthenopoeus illustrious in arms, and the ghost of pale Adrastus. Here [appear] those Trojans who had died in the field of battle, much lamented in the upper world: whom when he beheld all together in a numerous body, he inwardly groaned; Glaucus, Medon, Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, and Polybaetes devoted to Ceres, and Idaeus still handling his chariot, still his armor. The ghosts in crowds around him stand on the right and left: nor are they satisfied with seeing him once; they wish to detain him long,

to come into close conference with him, and learn the reasons of his visit. But as soon as the Grecian chiefs and Agamemnon's battalions saw the hero, and his arms gleaming through the shades, they quaked with dire dismay: some turned their backs, as when they fled once to their ships; some raise their slender voices; the scream begun dies in their gasping throats.

And here he espies Deiphobus, the son of Priam, mangled in every limb, his face and both his hands cruelly torn, his temples bereft of the ears cropped off, and his nostrils slit with a hideously deformed wound. Thus he hardly knew him quaking for agitation, and seeking to hide the marks of his dreadful punishment; and he first accosts him with well-known accents: Deiphobus, great in arms, sprung from Teucer's noble blood, who could choose to inflict such cruelties? Or who was allowed to exercise such power over you? To me, in that last night, a report was brought that you, tired with the vast slaughter of the Greeks, had fallen at last on a heap of mingled carcasses. Then, with my own hands, I raised to you an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore, and thrice with loud voice I invoked your manes. Your name and arms possess the place. Your body, my friend, I could not find, or, at my departure, deposit in thy native land. And upon this the son of Priam said: Nothing, my friend, has been omitted by you; you have discharged every duty to Deiphobus, and to the shadow of a corpse. But my own fate, and the cursed wickedness of Helen, plunged me in these woes: she hath left me these monuments [of her love]. For how we passed that last night amid ill-grounded joys you know, and must remember but too well, when the fatal horse came bounding over our lofty walls, and pregnant brought armed infantry in its womb. She, pretending a dance, led her train of Phrygian matrons yelling around the orgies: herself in the midst held a large flaming torch, and called to the Greeks from the lofty tower. I, being at that time oppressed with care, and overpowered with sleep, was lodged in my unfortunate bed-chamber: rest, balmy, profound, and the perfect image of a calm, peaceful death, pressed me as I lay. Meanwhile my incomparable spouse removes all arms from my palace,

and had withdrawn my trusty sword from my head: she calls Menelaus into the palace, and throws open the gates; hoping, no doubt, that would be a mighty favor to her amorous husband, and that thus the infamy of her former wicked deeds might be extinguished. In short, they burst into my chamber: that traitor of the race of Aeolus, the promoter of villainy, is joined in company with them. Ye gods, requite these cruelties to the Greeks, if I supplicate vengeance with pious lips! But come now, in thy turn, say what adventure hath brought thee hither alive. Dost thou come driven by the casualties of the main, or by the direction of the gods? or what fortune compels thee to visit these dreary mansions, troubled regions, where the sun never shines? In this conversation the sun in his rosy chariot had now passed the meridian in his ethereal course; and they perhaps would in this manner have passed the whole time assigned them; but the Sibyl, his companion, put him in mind, and thus briefly spoke: Aeneas, the night comes on apace, while we waste the hours in lamentations. This is the place where the path divides itself in two: the right is what leads beneath great Pluto's walls; by this our way to Elysium lies: but the left carries on the punishments of the wicked, and conveys to cursed Tartarus. On the other hand, Deiphobus [said]: Be not incensed, great priestess; I shall be gone; I will fill up the number [of the ghosts] and be rendered back to darkness. Go, go, thou glory of our nation; mayest thou find fates more kind! This only he spoke, and at the word turned his steps.

Aeneas on a sudden looks back, and under a rock on the left sees vast prisons inclosed with a triple wall, which Tartarean Phlegethon's rapid flood environs with torrents of flame, and whirls roaring rocks along. Fronting is a huge gate, with columns of solid adamant, that no strength of men, nor the gods themselves, can with steel demolish. An iron tower rises aloft; and there wakeful Tisiphone, with her bloody robe tucked up around her, sits to watch the vestibule both night and day. Hence groans are heard; the cruel lashes resound; the grating too of iron, and clank of dragging chains. Aeneas stopped short, and starting listened to the din.

What scenes of guilt are these? O virgin, say; or with what pains are they chastised? what hideous yelling [ascends] to the skies! Then thus the prophetess began: Renowned leader of the Trojans, no holy person is allowed to tread the accursed threshold: but Hecate when she set me over the groves of Avernus, herself taught me the punishments appointed by the gods, and led me through every part. Cretan Rhadamanthus possesses these most ruthless realms; examines and punishes frauds; and forces every one to confess what crimes committed in the upper world he had left [unatoned] till the late hour of death, hugging himself in secret crime of no avail. Forthwith avenging Tisiphone, armed with her whip, scourges the guilty with cruel insult, and in her left hand shaking over them her grim snakes, calls the fierce troops of her sister Furies. Then at length the accursed gates, grating on their dreadful-sounding hinges, are thrown open. See you what kind of watch sits in the entry? what figure guards the gate? An overgrown Hydra, more fell [than any Fury], with fifty black gaping mouths, has her seat within. Then Tartarus itself sinks deep down, and extends towards the shades twice as far as is the prospect upward to the ethereal throne of heaven. Here Earth's ancient progeny, the Titanian youth, hurled down with thunderbolts, welter in the profound abyss. Here too I saw the two sons of Aloeus, gigantic bodies, who attempted with their might to overturn the spacious heavens, and thrust down Jove from his exalted kingdom. Salmoneus likewise I beheld suffering severe punishment, for having imitated Jove's flaming bolts, and the sounds of heaven. He, drawn in his chariot by four horses, and brandishing a torch, rode triumphant among the nations of Greece, and in the midst of the city Elis, and claimed to himself the honor of the gods: infatuate! who, with brazen car, and the prancing of his horn-hoofed steeds, would fain counterfeit the storms and inimitable thunder. But the almighty Sire amid the thick clouds threw a bolt (not firebrands he, nor smoky light from torches), and hurled him down headlong in a vast whirlwind. Here too you might have seen Tityus, the foster-child of all-bearing Earth: whose body is extended over nine

whole acres; and a huge vulture, with her hooked beak, pecking at his immortal liver, and his bowels, the fruitful source of punishment, both searches them for her banquet, and dwells in the deep recesses of his breast; nor is any respite given to his fibers still springing up afresh. Why should I mention the Lapithae, Ixion, and Pirithous, over whom hangs a black flinty rock, every moment threatening to tumble down, and seeming to be actually falling? Golden pillars [supporting] lofty genial couches shine, and full in their view are banquets furnished out with regal magnificence; the chief of the Furies sits by them, and debars them from touching the provisions with their hands; and starts up, lifting her torch on high, and thunders over them with her voice. Here are those who, while life remained, had been at enmity with their brothers, had beaten a parent, or wrought deceit against a client; or who alone brooded over their acquired wealth, nor assigned a portion to their own; which class is the most numerous: those too who were slain for adultery, who joined in impious wars, and did not scruple to violate the faith they had plighted to their masters: shut up, they await their punishment. But what kind of punishment seek not to be informed, in what shape [of misery], or in what state they are involved. Some roll a huge stone, and hang fast bound to the spokes of wheels. There sits, and to eternity shall sit, the unhappy Theseus: and Phlegyas most wretched is a monitor to all, and with loud voice proclaims through the shades: "Warned [by example], learn righteousness, and not to condemn the gods." One sold his country for gold, and imposed on it a domineering tyrant; made and unmade laws for money. Another invaded his daughter's bed, and an unlawful wedlock: all of them dared some heinous crime, and accomplished what they dared. Had I a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, a voice of iron, I could not comprehend all the species of their crimes, nor enumerate the names of all their punishments.

When the aged priestess of Phoebus had uttered these words, she adds, But come now, set forward, and finish the task you have undertaken; let us haste on: I see the walls [of Pluto], wrought in the forges of the Cyclopes, and the gates with their arch full in our view, where our instructions enjoin us to deposit this our offering.

She said; and with equal pace advancing through the gloomy path, they speedily traverse the intermediate space, and approach the gates. Aeneas springs forward to the entry, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and fixes the bough in the fronting portal.

Having finished these rites, and performed the offering to the goddess, they came at length to the regions of joy, delightful green retreats and blessed abodes in groves, where happiness abounds. A freer sky here clothes the fields with sheeny light: they know their own sun, their own stars. Some exercise their limbs on the grassy green, in sports contend, and wrestle on the tawny sand: some strike the ground with their feet in the dance, and sing hymns. [Orpheus,] too the Thracian priest, in his long robe, replies in melodious numbers to the seven distinguished notes, and now strikes the same with his fingers, now with his ivory quill. Here may be seen Teucer's ancient race, a most illustrious line, magnanimous heroes, born in happier times, Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus, the founder of Troy. From afar, [Aeneas] views with wonder the arms and empty chariots of the chiefs. Their spears stand fixed in the ground, and up and down their horses feed at large through the plain. The same fondness they had when alive for chariots and arms, the same concern for training up shining steeds, follow them when deposited beneath the earth. Lo! he beholds others on the right and left feasting upon the grass, and singing the joyful paean to Apollo in concert, amid a fragrant grove of laurel; whence from on high the river Eridanus rolls in copious streams through the wood. Here is a band of those who sustained wounds in fighting for their country; priests who preserved themselves pure and holy, while life remained; pious poets, who sung in strains worthy of Apollo; those who improved life by the invention of arts, and who by their worthy deeds made others remember them: all these have their temples encircled with a snow-white fillet. Whom, gathered around, the Sibyl thus addressed, Musaeus chiefly; for a numerous crowd had him in their center, and looked up with reverence to him raised above them by the height of his shoulders:

Say, blessed souls, and thou, best of poets, what region, what place contains Anchises? on his account we have come, and crossed the great rivers of hell. And thus the hero briefly returned her an answer: None of us have a fixed abode; in shady groves we dwell, or lie on couches all along the banks, and on meadows fresh with rivulets: but do you, if so your heart's inclination leads, overpass this eminence, and I will set you in the easy path. He said, and advanced his steps on before, and shows them from a rising ground the shining plains. Then they descend from the summit of the mountain.

But father Anchises, deep in a verdant dale, was surveying with studious care the souls there inclosed, who were to revisit the light above; and happened to be reviewing the whole number of his race, his dear descendants, their fates and fortunes, their manners and achievements. As soon as he beheld Aeneas advancing toward him across the meads, he joyfully stretched out both his hands, and tears poured down his cheeks, and these words dropped from his mouth: Are you come at length; and has that piety, experienced by your sire, surmounted the arduous journey? Am I permitted, my son, to see thy face, to hear and return the well-known accents? So indeed I concluded in my mind, and reckoned it would happen, computing the time; nor have my anxious hopes deceived me. Over what lands, O son, and over what immense seas have you, I hear, been tossed! with what dangers harassed! how I dreaded lest you had sustained harm from Libya's realms! But he [said], Your ghost, your sorrowing ghost, my sire oftentimes appearing, compelled me to set forward to these thresholds. My fleet is moored in the Tyrrhene Sea. Permit me, father, to join my right hand [with thine]; and withdraw not thyself from my embrace. So saying, he at the same time bedewed his cheeks with a flood of tears. There thrice he attempted to throw his arms around his neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped his hold, like the fleet gales, or resembling a fugitive dream.

Meanwhile Aeneas sees in the retired vale, a grove situ-

ate by itself, shrubs rustling in the woods, and the river Lethe which glides by those peaceful dwellings. Around this unnumbered tribes and nations of ghosts were fluttering; as in meadows on a serene summer's day, when the bees sit on the various blossoms, and swarm around the snow-white lilies, all the plain buzzes with their humming noise. Aeneas, confounded, shudders at the unexpected sight, and asks the causes, what are those rivers in the distance, or what ghosts have in such crowds filled the banks? Then father Anchises [said], Those souls, for whom other bodies are destined by fate, at the stream of Lethe's flood quaff care-expelling draughts and lasting oblivion. Long indeed have I wished to give you a detail of these, and to point them out before you, and enumerate this my future race, that you may rejoice the more with me in the discovery of Italy. O father, is it to be imagined that any souls of an exalted nature will go hence to the world above, and enter again into inactive bodies? What direful love of the light possesses the miserable beings? I, indeed, replies Anchises, will inform you, my son, nor hold you longer in suspense: and thus he unfolds each particular in order.

In the first place, the spirit within nourishes the heavens, the earth, and watery plains, the moon's enlightened orb, and the Titanian stars; and the mind, diffused through all the members, actuates the whole frame, and mingles with the vast body [of the universe]. Thence the race of men and beasts, the vital principles of the flying kind, and the monsters which the ocean breeds under its smooth plain. These principles have the active force of fire, and a heavenly origin, so far as they are not clogged by noxious bodies, blunted by earth-born limbs and dying members. Hence they fear and desire, grieve and rejoice; and shut up in darkness and a gloomy prison, lose sight of their native skies. Even when with the last beams of light their life is gone, yet not every ill, nor all corporeal stains, are quite removed from the unhappy beings; and it is absolutely necessary that many imperfections which have long been joined to the soul, should be in marvelous ways increased and riveted therein.

Therefore are they afflicted with punishments, and pay the penalties of their former ills. Some, hung on high, are spread out to the empty winds; in others, the guilt not done away is washed out in a vast watery abyss, or burned away in fire. We each endure his own manes, thence are we conveyed along the spacious Elysium, and we, the happy few, possess the fields of bliss; till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stain, and hath left the pure celestial reason, and the fiery energy of the simple spirit. All these, after they have rolled away a thousand years, are summoned forth by the god in a great body to the river Lethe; to the intent that, losing memory [of the past], they may revisit the vaulted realms above, and again become willing to return into bodies.

Anchises had spoken, and leads his son, together with the Sibyl, into the midst of the assembly and noisy throng; thence chooses a rising ground, whence he may survey them all as they stand opposite to him in a long row, and discern their looks as they approach.

Now come, I will explain to you what glory shall henceforth attend the Trojan race, what descendants await them of the Italian nation, distinguished souls, and who shall succeed to our name; yourself too I will instruct in your particular fate. See you that youth who leans on his pointless spear? He by destiny holds a station nearest to the light; he shall ascend to the upper world the first [of your race] who shall have a mixture of Italian blood in his veins, Sylvius, an Alban name, your last issue; whom late your consort Lavinia shall in the woods bring forth to you in your advanced age, himself a king, and the father of kings; in whom our line shall reign over Alba Longa. The next is Procas, the glory of the Trojan nation; then Capys and Numitor follow, and Aeneas Sylvius, who shall represent thee in name, equally distinguished for piety and arms, if ever he receive the crown of Alba. See what youths are these, what manly force they show! and bear their temples shaded with civic oak; these to thy honor shall build Nomentum, Gabii, and the city Fidena;

these on the mountains shall raise the Collatine towers, Pometii, the Fort of Inuus, Bola, and Cora. These shall then be famous names; now they are lands without names. Further, martial Romulus, whom Ilia of the line Assaracus shall bear, shall add himself as companion to his grandsire [Numitor]. See you not how the double plumes stand on his head erect, and how the father of the gods himself already marks him out with his distinguished honors! Lo, my son, under his auspicious influence Rome, that city of renown, shall measure her dominion by the earth, and her valor by the skies, and that one city shall for herself wall around seven strong hills, happy in a race of heroes; like mother Berecynthia, when, crowned with turrets, she rides in her chariot through the Phrygian towns, joyful in a progeny of gods, embracing a hundred grandchildren, all inhabitants of heaven, all seated in the high celestial abodes. This way now bend both your eyes; view this lineage, and your own Romans. This is Caesar, and these are the whole race of Iulus, who shall one day rise to the spacious axle of the sky. This, this is the man whom you have often heard promised to you, Augustus Caesar, the offspring of a god; who once more shall establish the golden age in Latium, through those lands where Saturn reigned of old, and shall extend his empire over the Garamantes and Indians: their land lies without the signs [of the zodiac], beyond the sun's annual course, where Atlas, supporting heaven on his shoulders, turns the axle studded with flaming stars. Against his approach even now both the Caspian realms and the land about the Palus Maeotis are dreadfully dismayed at the responses of the gods, and the quaking mouths of seven-fold Nile hurry on their troubled waves. Even Hercules did not run over so many countries, though he transfixed the brazen-footed hind, quelled the forests of Erymanthus, and made Lerna tremble with his bow: nor Bacchus, who in triumph drives his car with reins wrapped about with vine leaves, driving the tigers from Nyssa's lofty top. And doubt we yet to extend our glory by our deeds? or is fear a bar to our settling in the Ausonian land? But who is he at a distance, distinguished by the olive boughs, bearing the sacred utensils? I know the locks and hoary beard of the Roman king, who first shall

establish this city by laws, sent from little Cures and a poor estate to vast empire. Whom Tullus shall next succeed, who shall break the peace of his country, and rouse to arms his inactive subjects, and troops now unused to triumphs. Whom follows next vain-glorious Ancus, even now too much rejoicing in the breath of popular applause. Will you also see the Tarquin kings, and the haughty soul of Brutus, the avenger [of his country's wrongs], and the recovered fasces? He first shall receive the consular power, and the axe of justice inflexibly severe; and the sire shall, for the sake of glorious liberty, summon to death his own sons, raising an unknown kind of war. Unhappy he! however posterity shall interpret that action, love to his country, and the unbounded desire of praise, will [prevail over paternal affection.] See besides at some distance the Decii, Drusi, Torquatus, inflexibly severe with the axe, and Camillus recovering the standards. But those [two] ghosts whom you observe to shine in equal arms, in perfect friendship now, and while they remain shut up in night, ah! what war, what battles and havoc will they between them raise, if once they have attained to the light of life! the father-in-law descending from the Alpine hills, and the tower of Monoecus; the son-in-law furnished with the troops of the east to oppose him. Make not, my sons, make not such [unnatural] wars familiar to your minds; nor turn the powerful strength of your country against its bowels. And thou [Caesar], first forbear, thou who derivest thy origin from heaven; fling those arms out of thy hand, O thou, my own blood! That one, having triumphed over Corinth, shall drive his chariot victorious to the lofty Capitol, illustrious from the slaughter of Greeks. The other shall overthrow Argos, and Mycenae, Agamemnon's seat, and the Aeacid's own heir himself, the descendant of valorous Achilles; avenging his Trojan ancestors, and the violated temple of Minerva. Who can in silence pass over thee, great Cato, or thee, Cossus? who the family of Gracchus, or both the Scipios, those two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Africa, and Fabricius potent in poverty? or thee, Serranus, sowing in the furrow [which thy own hands had made]? Whither, ye Fabii, do you hurry me tired? Thou art that [Fabius justly styled] the Greatest, who alone shall repair our state by delay.

Others, I grant indeed, shall with more delicacy mold the breathing brass; from marble draw the features to the life; plead causes better; describe with the rod the courses of the heavens, and explain the rising stars: to rule the nations with imperial sway be thy care, O Roman; these shall be thy arts; to impose terms of peace, to spare the humbled, and crush the proud.

Thus father Anchises, and, as they are wondering, subjoins: Behold how adorned with triumphal spoils Marcellus stalks along, and shines victor above the heroes all? He, mounted on his steed, shall prop the Roman state in the rage of a formidable insurrection; the Carthaginians he shall humble, and the rebellious Gaul, and dedicate to father Quirinus the third spoils. And upon this Aeneas [says]; for he beheld marching with him a youth distinguished by his beauty and shining arms, but his countenance of little joy, and his eyes sunk and dejected: What youth is he, O father, who thus accompanies the hero as he walks? is he a son, or one of the illustrious line of his descendants? What bustling noise of attendants round him! How great resemblance in him [to the other]! but sable Night with her dreary shade hovers around his head. Then father Anchises, while tears gushed forth, began: Seek not, my son, [to know] the deep disaster of thy kindred; him the Fates shall just show on earth, nor suffer long to exist. Ye gods, Rome's sons had seemed too powerful in your eyes, had these your gifts been permanent. What groans of heroes shall that field near the imperial city of Mars send forth! what funeral pomp shall you, O Tiberinus, see, when you glide by his recent tomb! Neither shall any youth of the Trojan line in hope exalt the Latin fathers so high; nor shall the land of Romulus ever glory so much in any of her sons. Ah piety! ah that faith of ancient times! and that right hand invincible in war! none with impunity had encountered him in arms, either when on foot he rushed upon the foe, or when he pierced with his spur his foaming courser's flanks. Ah youth, meet subject for pity! if by any means thou canst burst rigorous fate, thou shalt be a Marcellus. Give me lilies in handfuls; let me

strew the blooming flowers; these offerings at least let me heap upon my descendant's shade, and discharge this un-availing duty. Thus up and down they roam through all the [Elysian] regions in spacious airy fields, and survey every object: through each of whom when Anchises had conducted his son, and fired his soul with the love of coming fame, he next recounts to the hero what wars he must hereafter wage, informs him of the Laurentine people, and of the city of Latinus, and by what means he may shun or surmount every toil.

Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn; by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other shining, wrought of white ivory; but [through it] the infernal gods sent up false dreams to the upper world. When Anchises had addressed this discourse to his son and the Sibyl together, and dismissed them by the ivory gate, the hero speeds his way to the ships, and revisits his friends; then steers directly along the coast for the port of Caieta: where [when he had arrived], the anchor is thrown out from the forecastle, the sterns rest upon the shore.

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